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MR. GLADSTONE'S COMPROMISE.

AT last the Irish Land Bill has passed through all its trials—except the trial of being set practically to work. The excitement which was caused at the end of last week by the apparent probability of a collision between the two Houses was to a great extent factitious. For days—indeed, for weeks—certain Radical organs had been pointing out to their readers how intolerable it was that the Lords should have a chance of spoiling the measure, and it was almost a matter of course that they should endeavour to show that their fears were realized. On the other, the defiant mood in which Mr. GLADSTONE handled the Lords' amendments at their first return naturally created the impression that there was mischief in the air, and provoked the Lords to "insist" somewhat more peremptorily than they might otherwise have done. Yet the reference backwards and forwards of an important measure from one House to the other is no such unheard-of occurrence; and the spirit of the debate on the second reading in the Upper House was an almost certain pledge that no underhand endeavour would be made on that side to throw the Bill out by means of insisting on unreasonable amendments. The second consideration of the Lords' proposals was conducted in a much more moderate and becoming temper than the first, and some important concessions were made. As might have been expected, the Lords met these concessions in a proper spirit, and the hitch magnified by quidnuncs into a crisis was past. The eager haste of the Hundreds to get up indignation meetings has rather ludicrously overrun itself. Yet even these few hours of agitation had a somewhat beneficial effect, as showing the utter falsity of the contention that English opinion is in favour of the Land Bill. That opinion is perhaps in favour of continuing Mr. GLADSTONE in power, and, things being so, declines to pronounce itself against a measure to which he has pledged himself; but even under the powerful stimulus of a possible collision between Lords and Commons, not the slightest enthusiasm for the measure itself has been manifested except in extreme Radical cliques. It is tolerated and acquiesced in, and that is all—except that an intense weariness of it disposes every one to wish it over and done with. Had the Lords actually delayed its passing it would have been this wish and not any belief in its efficacy or intrinsic merit that might have disposed Englishmen to look unfavourably on their action. But it has not been wrecked, and has hardly been even hindered beyond a reasonable time. Ingenious Radicals protest, of course, that if it fails it will be solely in consequence of the concessions made to the Lords. They may be left face to face with the admission of Lord CARLINGFORD, an admitted partisan of the tenants, and the Government care-taker of the Bill in the Upper House, that the alterations of the past ten days have, in his opinion, distinctly improved it.

An equally natural, though curiously inconsistent, line has been taken by other Government partisans who declare that no concession worth speaking of has been made at all. This party may be congratulated on the possession of at least a great deal of courage. The insertion of the proviso that payments made by one tenant to another are, in no case, to constitute in themselves a claim to reduction of rent, removes the greatest wrong of the whole measure—a

wrong which has been unceasingly protested against from the very first introduction of the Bill, and which has been steadily ignored by the Government. It is true that they repeatedly denied that any such wrong was intended; but they steadily refused to render it impossible that, in virtue of successive exorbitant payments for tenant-right, the landlord's rent should be whittled down to nothing. This has now been made impossible, and it is the doing of the Lords. In the same way the Government have again and again turned a deaf ear to the repeated demonstrations of the injustice and impolicy of forcing the landlord to raise the rent before he can go into Court. But now their ears have been opened, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself avows the hardship, the existence of which he has for months refused to acknowledge. The excision of Mr. PARNELL's amendment deprives dishonest tenants of a shelter which they would most certainly have sought. Even the wild duck clause, over which some persons have made merry, while others have inveighed against it as an extension of the hated feudal rights of sporting, is a substantial and purely business-like confirmation of rights of property. In miniature, indeed, the references made to this insignificant amendment by the fervid partisans of the Bill are a very good picture of the knowledge of Ireland which they so frequently display. Ireland, they may like to hear, is in many parts a swampy and moorland country surrounded by the sea; and in such a country the possession of the wild fowl frequenting it by A or B respectively may make, over no very large estate, a difference of hundreds a year. When these concessions, small and large, are added to those made at the first reference to the Commons, the total amount will be found very considerable. The leaders of the Opposition and of the Government were perfectly justified in saying that the spirit of the Bill has not been affected in the least by these concessions. They have simply explained provisions which might have inflicted, and would certainly have inflicted, intolerable wrong, or else have removed excrescences calculated to make the difficult lot of an Irish landlord in the future more difficult still. In the Bill as it first left the Commons there was what may be called a presumption against the landlord. He was to pay for all, and every doubtful phrase was of such a character as to be capable of being worked against him; while the tenant could not, any more than he can now, be deprived by any ingenuity of construction of the benefits intended for him. The alterations have redressed this inequality to a very great extent, and the tenant is now left to his judicial rent, his practically free sale, and his stable, if not indefinitely, fixed tenure, without the parings and snippings of his landlord's goods which he might otherwise have got, and without the knowledge that if he goes into court it will be with a presumption in his favour, while his landlord can only enter it with a presumption against him.

It is not in human nature that those who, week after week for more than a quarter of a year, have had to note, to study, and to comment upon the intricate details and tortuous variations of the Land Bill, should part from it without a feeling of considerable relief. It has long been impossible to say anything new about it, though there has not been the least difficulty in saying things that were perfectly true. Yet it must be remembered—and, truism as it is, the necessity of the remembrance

must be urged—that the history of the Land Bill has not ended, but is just beginning. The tendency of Englishmen to regard a measure as soon as it is passed as part of the immemorial Constitution of the country has no doubt a salutary effect in giving solidity and permanence to our institutions, but it is not seldom mischievous. Such a measure as this is essentially of the character of an experiment to be watched with care and its results noted anxiously and minutely—not a final settlement to be accepted and thought no more about. That the agitators who have made it inevitable, save at the risk of a dangerous alternative, have not the slightest intention of taking it as a discharge in full of their claims has been all along evident. To Mr. PARNELL and his friends it has been simply an instalment—an instalment which has the advantage of heartening those who want and weakening the resistance of those who have. The only thing left in doubt is how far the constituents of these agitators will continue to support them. This is hardly the place to discuss that question, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that it is a pressing and an important one. On the other side, and also waiting practical solution, is the question of the actual economical and social working of the Act. The solution of this will necessarily consist of three progresses or stages. There will first be the question how far the tenants now in arrear and recalcitrant will submit to the arrangements provided by the Bill—a submission which, be it remembered, will be inconsistent with the principles of the Land League, yet without which they will be deprived of the offered benefits, and, if the Act be strictly carried out, of their holdings. The second stage will be the vast undertaking of revaluing the rental book of Ireland. The third will be the future working of the principles of sale and tenure contained in the Act. Enough has been said before on the too probable dangers to which these successive stages are exposed. It need only be added that the history of their actual progress will be the history of the most remarkable economic experiment ever yet attempted. Neither in France, nor in Germany, nor in Russia, in all of which countries great revolutions in the tenure of land have been effected during the last century, has anything been attempted so complicated, and, what is more, so hazardous. For the last state of a peasant proprietor can hardly be worse than the first state of a serf. But the last state of an Irish tenant face to face with the tender mercies of the usurer and the law would be very much worse than his first state subject only to the capricious but customary indulgence of a landlord.

FAIR TRADE.

THE Conservative party is not in a prosperous condition; but for many of the causes of its depression its members are not directly responsible. It is scarcely their fault that they are outnumbered, that they are assailed by popular clamour, or that the interests which it is their mission to defend are incessantly threatened by an impulsive Minister. It is a graver misfortune that a considerable section of their body is placing itself deliberately in the wrong. The advocates of fair trade, which is a newfangled name for the negation of free-trade, are doing their utmost to bind the party to a ruinous association with untenable doctrines. A private householder would be thought insane if he attempted to counteract a decrease or stagnation in his professional receipts by dealing with more expensive shops; yet the same process is recommended by a set of theorists who have persuaded themselves that the industrial classes are dissatisfied with the commercial policy of the last forty years. DEMOSTHENES compared the Athenians of his time to an awkward pugilist, who always shifted his guard to the place at which he had last received a blow. There is not less simplicity in the attempt to revive the manufactories of Bradford by imposing duties on imported corn. It is true that as long as the Government is, by no fault of its own, committed to the anomalous task of negotiating a commercial treaty, the power of increasing such taxes as the duty on French wines may be justifiably held in reserve for diplomatic purposes; but, if the tariff were once settled, it would not be the interest of the English Government to use the liberty of increasing duties which it might have retained. It seems that the chances of concluding a moderately satisfactory treaty are not unfavourable. In this respect the economical errors of the English

fair-traders may possibly have produced a beneficial result. The French Government must by this time have ascertained that the industrial community in England is not so eager for a treaty as to be willing to accept flagrantly unreasonable conditions. The English Ministers have more than once declared that they will neither allow any branch of trade to be destroyed, nor assent to a treaty more injurious to commerce than the Convention of 1860. Mr. RITCHIE himself could scarcely insist on the stipulation that the tariff should in every instance be exempt from increase. The question is whether the new treaty will, on the average, be as tolerable as the old.

The advocates of retaliation are never tired of convicting Mr. COBDEN of a want of foresight. There is no doubt that his sanguine hopes of converting the world to his doctrines have thus far been falsified; but a true prophet has often miscalculated the weeks of years within which his predictions are to be accomplished. Sooner or later the multiplication-table will pervade regions where men are still content to reckon on their fingers. Demonstrable truths never lose the ground which they almost always gradually gain. Russia and the United States regard with equal complacency the extension of absolute Free-trade over new districts in their dominions as they are conquered or settled. In France almost every considerable politician understands and believes the doctrines of political economy, though it is still thought expedient to humour the ignorance of universal suffrage. The MINISTER OF COMMERCE is a Free-trader; M. THIERS has left no school of disciples behind him, though his confidential friend happens for the moment to preside at the Foreign Office. M. POUYER-QUERTIER is a member of a defeated party. MR. WADDINGTON have fallen into the rear rank of the dominant Republicans. It is not improbable that at the impending election some candidates may explain to rural constituencies that it is not for the benefit of the peasantry that iron, cotton, and wool should be artificially dear, especially as the demand for wine and other French products is necessarily checked by a protective tariff. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is rightly informed, the sugar bounty, which is the most perverse of all plans for interfering with the natural course of industry, has been already to a great extent modified, if not practically abolished. It is almost a matter of regret that the French taxpayer should no longer make a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the English consumer. On the other hand, it is true that the French Government proposes to subsidize a line of steamers from Marseilles to Melbourne; but it is not likely that so absurd a bounty on French manufactures destined for a special port will be long continued.

Mr. RITCHIE, representing the comparatively moderate fair-traders, repudiated any connexion with the promoters of a meeting which was lately held at Exeter Hall. It is to be regretted that so respectable and well-informed a politician as Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK should have placed himself at the head of a wild and hopeless agitation; but the preachers of extreme doctrines have almost always the advantage of exceptional consistency. Mr. RITCHIE recommends retaliation to an extent which would leave it practically inoperative, while the fair-traders of Exeter Hall have no hesitation in proposing the re-establishment of a Corn-law. If such a measure were practicable, it is barely possible that it might affect the commercial policy of the United States. In the negotiations with France, a corn duty would have little influence, because in ordinary years there is no considerable French importation. It is but an idle employment to discuss the probable consequences of a measure which would be peremptorily rejected if it were seriously proposed. In this instance prejudice and tradition are on the same side with sound economic principle and with material expediency. The proposal of a duty on corn would arouse dangerous passions, while it could not be defended by moderately plausible arguments. The Exeter Hall scheme is much more anomalous than the old Corn-law, which was intended to secure in perpetuity prices which were supposed to be moderately remunerative. The fair-traders, on the other hand, would impose a duty for polemical objects on the understanding that it was to be removed as soon as other countries are induced to establish reasonable tariffs. Protective legislation necessarily creates artificial interests, on which a remission of duties must have a ruinous effect. A combative tariff, after promoting the investment of capital in agriculture, and after raising the market price of land, would, on the Exeter

Hall theory, be abolished in return for the admission of English manufactures to French or American markets. The benefits which might in that case be conferred on Bradford or Sheffield would be no consolation to landowners or farmers.

It is, perhaps, natural that an Opposition weak in numbers, and not in sympathy with principles which are for the moment popular, should be ready to ally itself with any section of the majority which may be disposed to separate itself from the bulk of the party; but it is not for the benefit of the Conservative cause that it should seek to profit by a passing delusion. In the House of Commons Mr. NEWDEGATE enjoys the proud distinction of being the only avowed and consistent advocate of Protection. In the worst of times he never became a convert to the doctrines of the Corn Law League; and he now regards with excusable complacency the tardy fulfilment of his own prophecies of the damage which would be inflicted on the landed interest. As he announced when the great wheat districts of the West were still included in the wilderness, and when the importation of cattle in Atlantic steamers had not yet been contemplated, English producers are undersold, and they are not likely to recover their former position. A monopoly of home supply would have averted the evil which has overtaken one class of the community at the cost of intolerable injustice to the rest. The anomaly might have been permanently possible if the land of England had been occupied by two or three millions of freeholders. A few thousands of large proprietors, if they had resisted change, would long since have been swept away. Mr. NEWDEGATE would scorn to enlist himself among the fair-traders who persuade themselves that their doctrines may be reconciled with economic orthodoxy. A staunch Protectionist must despise the pretence of helping the manufacturers by conferring a temporary and precarious boon on the landowners. It is not worth while to buy at such a price the votes of malcontent artisans in a few towns which are specially situated. It may be hoped that the revival of trade which is indicated by the returns of the Clearing-House and of the Railway Companies will silently put an end to a feeble agitation. It may be remarked that the leaders of the Conservative party in the House of Commons have never countenanced the fair-trade movement. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has on more than one occasion publicly denounced the fallacies which amuse a section of his followers. Mr. W. H. SMITH may be trusted to adhere to the principles which he has always professed. Lord BEACONSFIELD, shortly before his death, denounced on grounds of political expediency or necessity an agitation which he might perhaps in other circumstances, and at an earlier period in his career, have not been unwilling to encourage. Mr. RITCHIE himself would repudiate the doctrines which are maintained by Mr. CHAPLIN and Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

MEXICO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has lately given an elaborate, although possibly a highly-coloured, sketch of what the great railway financiers of the United States are doing for Mexico. There are two great enterprises on foot, to which a third is on the point of being added. It may be said briefly that the Americans are being good enough to cover Mexico with railways. There is the great Central Railway from the city of Mexico to the frontier and thence to Kansas, and there is the great National Railway from the city of Mexico to the frontier, and thence to Texas. Each of these lines is a prolongation of a large existing system in the States, and is in the hands of capitalists who have done enough to make it probable that they do not lightly talk of schemes, however gigantic. And these schemes are very large, for besides the main lines there are numerous branches, and each of them contemplates a branch to the Pacific as if a branch to the Pacific was a mere nothing. The total length contemplated by the National Railway is no less than 2,500 miles, and the intended extent of the Central is about 1,700. We may thus speak in round numbers of a total anticipated length of 4,000 miles. The Central line is of the standard gauge, and the National line is of the metre gauge. Taking one with the other, it is impossible to reckon on the cost of construction and equipment, apart from all watering of stock and the profits of financiers, as less than 5,000*l.* a mile. This is a very low estimate

according to English experience; and it must be remembered that in Mexico the cost of the freight of a large portion of the materials must necessarily be very heavy. But, even if only 5,000*l.* a mile is taken, this, on 4,000 miles, means an outlay of twenty millions sterling. The Americans do not mean to find all this money themselves. They are to be helped, and very largely helped, by the Mexican Government. A subsidy is to be given them, which varies not only with each line, but with different parts of the same line, but in no case falls below 2,500*l.* a mile. Thus, if the total cost of construction is taken at twenty millions, the Americans would have to find ten millions and the Mexicans would have to find ten millions. The total revenue of Mexico is between three millions and three millions and a half per annum, and there has hitherto been generally a deficit. The deficit does not perhaps now exist, for the country has had peace for some years; and Mexico may be said to be now paying its way, although there is certainly no surplus. In what time it is thought probable that the National and Central systems should be finished is not stated. But nine years may perhaps be considered a reasonable time. If so, Mexico would have to give these enterprising foreigners in nine years three whole years' revenue. Of course, nothing in finance can be pronounced beforehand to be absolutely impossible; but the world has hitherto been accustomed to talk in a depreciatory way of Mexico. The world would certainly have to change its tone, and allow that Mexico was behaving most handsomely to foreign capitalists, and was displaying infinite financial ingenuity, if it showed itself able and willing to go without any revenue at all every third year, and to hand over all its receipts to the adventurous makers of railways.

But even these two vast systems of railways are not enough for the Americans. A third scheme is being started, which also is in the hands of men of great financial position, and the direction of which is adorned with the names of persons as eminent as General GRANT, late President of the United States, and General DIAZ, late President of Mexico. As the other two great lines supply the wants of the north of Mexico, this is to supply the wants of the south. It is to start from the city of Mexico, and go in a south-westerly direction to the town of Oaxaca, whence it is to branch, on the westward to the Pacific, and on the eastward to the Atlantic, touching the sea, not only at Vera Cruz, but at a new port, which it is proposed to construct at a point on the coast where there is said to be a safer anchorage than Vera Cruz affords. The holders of the concession have also the astonishing privilege of going "southward to the frontier of Guatemala, if desired." The length of the line contemplated, short of this ambitious extension, is 800 miles; and, if this line could also be made for 5,000*l.* a mile, a farther expenditure of four millions would be involved. The holders of this new scheme are more considerate to the Mexicans, or more independent of them, as they have asked for no subvention, and prefer to make the line for themselves, and, in return, be under no limitations as to their tariffs. The Americans are to find all the money that is needed, and it will be very interesting to them to learn what will be needed, for that will teach them, among other things, where their wonderful line is to go. It may be safely said that no one connected with the scheme has the faintest notion what kind of country fills up the space between Oaxaca and the Pacific. The first step to be taken was to send engineers to be the precursors of civilized man in wandering over this unknown region. The surveys which are now being made are, however, sure to show that a railway can somehow be made if any one likes to make it. With money a railway can be made anywhere, and the Americans will get from Oaxaca to the Pacific if they wish. But that they will get there cheaply is beyond belief to those who consider that the formation of the mountain ranges on the West Coast offers very serious difficulties, and that the materials must be transported at considerable cost from the Atlantic, or sent round to the Pacific coast. Still, at one price or another this new line, as well as the two established lines, will be made, if the Americans persist in what they have undertaken. And they are already doing something much more than the mere talking of great schemes would imply. The Central and the National lines are hard at work. They have made a good start both at the Mexican and the American ends, and if the statement that by the end of this year the National will have 500 miles in order for work-

ing is carried out, no one can deny that there has been a most striking display of energy and of the command of capital.

If it is asked whether the vast amount of capital which it is intended to apply to the construction of railways in Mexico will continue to be found, and whether the railways when made are likely to pay, we must first look at what is being done in the United States themselves. The new mileage laid down last year exceeded that of any year since 1871, more than 7,000 miles of new railways having been built in 1880. This was 2,500 miles in excess of what was constructed in 1879, so that the mere excess of last year over the year before equals the whole length of the longest Mexican line. The nominal cost of the new lines was 10,000*l.* a mile; this would give a total expenditure of seventy millions. The real cost was, it may be presumed, much less; but it would be a low estimate to compute the actual outlay at forty millions. To people who spend on their own new lines forty millions in one year it must seem a trifle to spend ten millions, or, if the Mexican Southern line is taken into account, fourteen millions, in several years. Even if the Mexican Government did not pay a farthing of the subventions promised, the United States would easily make up the deficiency; and it would surprise no one acquainted with Mexico to learn that the directors of these undertakings rely very little on the subventions promised, and are content to look forward to the position of being creditors on a very large scale of a Government which they may hope to be able to treat as great and strong creditors are in the habit of treating small and weak debtors. The receipts on the American railways even in the Far West are highly satisfactory. The National Company has already more than eight hundred miles at work in Colorado and Utah, and it is stated that its system is taking an average of 30*l.* per mile per week, and is worked at 50 per cent. of the gross receipts, which leaves a net income of 8 per cent. on a capital of 10,000*l.* to the mile. This is more than a satisfactory result. It is a very astonishing result, and the only question is whether anything like the same result can be attained in Mexico. The conditions are not at all the same. The American railways thrive because everywhere they carry with them new settlers, with whom there is no one to interfere, who are all of European descent, who possess capital and energy, and who are protected by American law and by the general determination of American citizens, except in some wild regions where the desperate go in advance of the orderly, to see the law respected. Mexico is an old country. It has been for three centuries under the dominion of Spain; it is inhabited by an aboriginal population, very poor and very superstitious; all the land belongs to some one, and the first thought of the inhabitants outside the towns, which are for the most part poor, decayed, stagnant places, is to shoot a new comer, unless it answers better to rob him. On the other hand, the natural resources of Mexico are quite equal to those of the Western States of the Union, and if the Americans can dominate the Mexicans, they will make them grow rich after the American fashion, whether they like it or not. Probably they will dominate them; but many of those who know Mexico best think that this domination will not be established except after a painful struggle. It must be said, however, that the very scale on which the Americans are working, or are prepared to work, lessens the danger. They will impose themselves so rapidly and at so many points, that the country may be transformed before it thinks of resisting.

COURTS OF APPEAL.

THE permanent arrangement by which the Master of the Rolls is to preside in the Court of Appeal, though it renders the gradations of judicial rank more symmetrical, may perhaps have been suggested by the peculiar qualifications of the present incumbent of the office. The Master of the Rolls has from ancient times held the third place among the judges, taking rank immediately after the Chief Justice of England; yet, when it was found necessary to increase the strength of the Equity Bench, and to relieve the Lord Chancellor of a portion of his duties, the Master of the Rolls continued to be a Judge of First Instance, while the Lords Justices exercised the functions of a Court of Appeal. It happened

that for some years the new tribunal consisted of lawyers whose authority was regarded by the profession as higher than that of the Courts below, and the relation between original and appellate jurisdiction had perhaps not been fully considered. In the times of Lord ELDON and his predecessors the Lord Chancellor sat almost daily in his own Court, and Common Law appeals were then and long afterwards heard in the Exchequer Chamber by judges of the same rank with those who had given judgment in banc. The present LORD CHANCELLOR seems to incline to a partial revival of a practice which was abolished by the Judicature Act; but he has already withdrawn the proposal of associating three ordinary judges, elected by their fellows, with the Court of Appeal. No part of the modern judicial organization has worked more satisfactorily than the Appeal Court, practically consisting of the Lords Justices sitting in two divisions. The Lord Chancellor has of late, when his other avocations allowed of his attendance, supplied a casual vacancy in the Court, and the Lord Chief Justice and the Master of the Rolls have less frequently given their assistance. Hereafter the Master of the Rolls will preside in one of the divisions; but for the present the Lord Chief Justice will continue to exercise original jurisdiction in the civil and criminal courts. It is not impossible that in some future rearrangement the chief Common Law dignitary will also be transferred to the Court of Appeal. It is no objection to legislation in matters of this kind that it is tentative and gradual. The comprehensive scheme of the Judicature Act has, on the whole, been successful; but it would have been surprising if there had not from time to time been occasion for modification of details.

An intermittent controversy on the comparative importance of original and appellate jurisdiction had preceded the introduction of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill. The suppression of two out of three of the great Common Law offices was opposed by some of the judges on the ground that, in their opinion, the highest dignitaries ought to be, as formerly, placed in immediate contact with the ordinary administration of justice. The personal qualities of judges, as distinguished from their strictly legal attainments and aptitudes, are perhaps most conspicuously exhibited in dealing with causes and trials. Law Officers who were habitually promoted to the places of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Baron were often more remarkable for general ability and for knowledge of the world than for profound legal learning. The arguments for the retention of title and rank, which had become dissociated from the presidency of separate Courts, were too subtle and far-fetched to prevail against a more symmetrical arrangement. The great majority of laymen would assume that an appellate tribunal ought to be higher in rank and in general estimation than the Courts of which it revises the decisions. Lawyers understand better the greater complication and difficulty of original jurisdiction; but the majority of their number would acquiesce in the same practical conclusion. It is in the highest degree important that law should be both just and certain; and a system of jurisprudence which depends mainly on precedents requires for its construction and maintenance the highest ability which can be obtained. The acknowledged efficacy of the present Court of Appeal results from the great ability and learning of its principal members. It has suffered a great loss by the death of Lord Justice JAMES; and it is understood that another judge of extraordinary vigour and ability is, after many years of valuable service, about to retire. It is not surprising that the LORD CHANCELLOR, who is responsible for the competency of the Court, should be anxious to maintain its character by the addition of a member who has no superior in judicial reputation. Future vacancies must be supplied as circumstances may allow from the Bar or the Bench.

The extraordinary facility and promptness which have enabled the MASTER of the ROLLS to keep down the business of his Court will be no longer required when he takes his place as a Judge of Appeal; but the combination of intellectual activity with profound knowledge of the law will give the necessary authority to his decisions. In common with the majority of his judicial colleagues, Sir GEORGE JESSEL is, unlike many of his predecessors in former times, anxious to do justice in each particular case rather than to refine on the nice analogies of law. Of one of the ablest and most learned judges of the last generation a satirical epitaph recorded how *leges Anglica in absurdum reduxit*; and the

accomplishment of such a task required much logical acuteness. More recent judges have learned to suspect that a plausible inference which involves the infliction of obvious wrong on a litigant is likely to involve a fallacy, unless, indeed, it necessarily results from careless statutory legislation. It is much more true at present than in former times that law approximates to the perfection of common sense. Within living memory certain classes of legal questions were scarcely ever decided on their merits. Like the early interpreters of the Twelve Tables, judges were almost always interrupted, before they approached the merits of the case, by the discovery that one or both the parties had failed to comply with the necessary forms. About forty years ago, through the co-operation of feeble or super-subtle judges with audacious advocates, the evil had reached its climax, and caused the beginning of a wholesome reaction. The pages of MEESON and WELBY record some of the most remarkable results of perverse ingenuity. The old system of Common Law pleading was a science in itself, having few points of contact with practical right. The present mode of stating a cause of action or a defence is more intelligible to laymen; but some experienced practitioners doubt whether it is not unnecessarily diffuse. It is even possible that pleadings may be wholly discontinued. Any changes which are now made either in the constitution of the judicial Bench or in legal practice are, at least, intended in good faith to make the law simple and certain. The great increase in the expense of litigation, which has been one of the consequences of the Judicature Act, is attributable to the multiplication of stages in a suit or to other causes which may be removed.

The continuance in Common Law actions of the right of appeal to the Court in banc is generally deemed unnecessary. Before the passing of the Judicature Act, the Courts sitting in banc discharged the greater part of the duties which now devolve on the Court of Appeal. The cases which were afterwards carried to the Court of Exchequer Chamber were comparatively few. There seems to be no reason why an appeal should not be taken direct from the judge sitting at Nisi Prius to the Court of Appeal. The future efficiency of the Court will depend on the care and sound judgment with which appointments are hereafter made. A long succession of Chancellors have established the laudable custom of appointing ordinary judges for the most part on strictly professional grounds. In some instances it has been thought necessary to allow claims founded on Parliamentary service; but the political opinions of the majority of judges are in many cases wholly unknown, even to the Bar. It is highly desirable that the same rule should be applied to members of the Court of Appeal. Their first qualification will be a sound knowledge of law; and it matters little whether they possess the eloquence and adroitness of successful advocates. It is true that some of the greatest judges, such as the LORD CHANCELLOR and his immediate predecessor, and the present MASTER of the ROLLS, have been members of the House of Commons and Law Officers before their promotion to the Bench; but a capable Attorney-General would not always add weight to the judgments of a Court of Appeal. As a general rule, it is desirable that Lords Justices should, like several of the actual members of the Court, be selected from the ranks of the ordinary judges; but occasionally a member of the Bar attains a generally recognized pre-eminence, which may entitle him at once to the higher promotion. The authority of the court will be increased by the appointment of Sir GEORGE JESSEL to its highest rank. His successors at the Rolls may sometimes have been appointed for other causes than for their strictly judicial qualifications; but there is no reason why the ordinary members should object to the precedence of a Master of the Rolls or of a Chief Justice. It might be a cause for just regret if the high character of the Court of Appeal should hereafter be lowered by unfit appointments. Such a tribunal not only administers but makes the law.

THE SAILORS' STRIKE.

THE sailors' strike is both unusually important and unusually instructive. Its importance of course lies in this, that while other trade quarrels affect the community only through the particular industry which they derange, a quarrel between sailors and shipowners may,

under certain circumstances, affect the community through the public service. The mercantile marine is in time of war the chief nursery of the navy. Under the system of training boys for the navy the ordinary wants of the public service are supplied without recourse to recruiting. But a system of this kind can only apply to a time of peace. Only a certain number of sailors are wanted every year, and as there is not employment for more than this number the object of the Admiralty is not to have more boys on their hands than there will be ship-room for when they become men. But, if we again find ourselves involved in a naval war, these men would immediately be in demand for the additional ships put into commission and to make good the drain of actual service. The choice would then of necessity lie between landmen and sailors employed in the merchant navy, and, unless the quality of the sailors had greatly altered for the worse, they would plainly be the best to take. Unsatisfactory relations between owners and seamen are exceedingly likely to lower the quality of the latter. It is a general complaint that the change in the conditions of the merchant service has already had a bad effect in this way. The use of steam has made seamanship less essential, and as the need of specific training has grown less, the proportion of men who have not the stuff in them to stand the test of specific training has grown greater. The shortening of the voyage, due to the same cause, has helped on this result. There are many men who will sign articles for a short trip just to see how they like the life, and if this element has a large place in a service the deterioration in it may be very great without the fact making itself apparent to any one not conversant with the trade. But if a war were to break out, the public would become painfully familiar with it. Men of the stamp just described would be very much less likely to enlist, and worth very much less when they did enlist. It would be almost impossible nowadays to reproduce the pressgang, and even if the need were great enough to overcome the immense popular objection that would certainly be felt towards its use—an objection which with the present suffrage would be conclusive so long as it lasted—the results obtained would be unsatisfactory. So long as the merchant navy is manned by good sailors the average haul of the pressgangs will be good sailors. But if the merchant navy has only a few good sailors here and there, it will be merely a chance whether the pressgangs get hold of them. Even if the men showed an unexpected amount of patriotism, or were tempted to join by high pay or large bounties, they would be worth but little at first, and might be worth but little to the end. It is plain that if seamen generally are dissatisfied with the pay or the treatment they get on board merchant ships, the best men will be on the look-out for opportunities of leaving the service, and the deteriorating process which had its origin in other causes will come to perfection by reason of this one.

It does not appear, however, that the strike in the Port of London would have become at all serious if the question in dispute had related only to wages. The men on strike have refused, indeed, to take less than 3*l.* 5*s.* a month in sailing ships and 3*l.* 15*s.* a month in steamers; and in one instance the customary method of proving the goodness of their cause was resorted to, and a sailor who had accepted 2*l.* 10*s.* a month was set upon and severely beaten. If this, however, had been the only point in the controversy, the strike might have ended almost as soon as it had begun. Some, at all events, of the owners at once raised the pay to the amounts asked, and as crews seem to be in demand it is probable that the remainder would shortly have followed the lead thus given. Into the rights and wrongs of this part of the dispute it would be useless to enter. When the problem how to ascertain what is a fair day's wages has been solved on land, we may be in a condition to determine what is a fair month's wages at sea. Another point, moreover, has been raised by the men as to which it is possible for outsiders to have an opinion. Among the complaints which have been made is one relating to the quantity and quality of the food supplied on board ship. The men allege that they do not get as much food as they want, and that what they do get is not of the right kind. A speaker at one of the meetings said that in a leaky ship he had had sometimes to pump for hours in the teeth of a gale, and that this was hard work "on a bit of salt horse and a biscuit." This same man pointed out that in these days of preserved provisions something more should be done to provide

sailors with better food. Undoubtedly, if the dietary on board merchant ships is still what it was before preserved provisions came into use, shipowners have not consulted their own interests. Men do their work better when they are well fed, and they are more likely to quarrel with their wages when their stomachs are empty than when they are full. It ought to be an advantage to both parties that the conditions of the service make it necessary that the men's food should be provided by the shipowners. The provisioning of a ship can be done more cheaply than would be possible if the same number of men had to feed themselves; and, if the masters take care to give the men the full benefit of this difference, a sailor's life ought in one important respect to be one of very much greater comfort than it used to be. It is to be feared that in some cases the masters have looked upon any saving they can effect in the value of the provisions supplied simply as so much knocked off the expenses of the voyage. This is a short-sighted policy, even where wages are concerned, and it is far more short-sighted where the food is concerned. The meanness of the owners is brought home to the men every day, and it touches them upon a point on which they feel keenly.

It is not, however, either about wages or about food that the complaints of the men are loudest. The thing that most excites them is a change in the law which was made entirely for their benefit. What it was intended to do was explained to a deputation by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Monday. The Merchant Seamen Act of last year, which came into operation on the 1st of the present month, abolished the advance note. "The advance note 'system,'" said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "was a system under which an advance of wages was given by the owner on condition that the seaman was put on board." The keeper of a low lodging-house was willing to keep the sailor while he was on shore, because he knew that if he saw him on board his new ship he would be able to draw his first month's wages after the ship had sailed. This system, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went on, "was approved of by the crimps because it placed the seamen almost entirely in their hands," and "by a certain class of owners, who say that it saved them trouble because they had nothing to do with the shipping of the sailors." The better class of seamen naturally disliked the advance note, and the Amalgamated British Seamen's Protection Society have protested against any return to it. It turns out, however, that the less provident seaman finds himself in very great straits now that he has no longer any security to offer to the boarding-house keeper. He has landed from his last ship without any money, or he has spent the money paid him on his return, and he is at a loss how to live during the time that he is looking for a ship. The boarding-house keepers are naturally unwilling to supply him with food and lodging, because they can only be repaid when he finds a ship. But as soon as he finds a ship he may be off in her, and in that case all that the creditor has to trust to is the seaman's honesty. Even when this is in itself a sufficient security it is not equivalent to payment on the spot, unless the sailor can draw his wages in advance. Consequently, the boarding-house keepers, since the 1st of the month, have met every application to be taken in with a demand for a week's payment in advance. The lesson to be drawn from this part of the case is the difficulty of compelling men to consult their own ultimate interests. The advance note system plainly ministered to improvidence, because it did away with one of the natural penalties by which improvidence would otherwise have been attended. The sailor had no motive to put by money for his support while on shore, because he knew that he could get supported on the security of his future earnings. It would have been an unmixed gain to him to have been kept from thus pledging his future earnings, if at the same time he could suddenly have been induced to save money out of his present earnings. But, though legislation can ensure that a man shall suffer for his folly, it has no means of making him wise. Consequently, when the Act came into operation, the improvident sailor found himself brought very near to starvation. He had to find a ship, and he had not the means of living while he was looking for one. An advance note is "a document authorizing the future payment of money on account of a seaman's wages, conditionally on his going to sea, and made before those wages have been earned," and all documents purporting to do this are void from the 1st day of August, 1881. Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN told the deputation that there was nothing to prevent a sailor from asking the shipowner for an advance of wages, and from bringing the boarding-house keeper on board with him to receive the payment due to him. If this plan is found to work well, it will pretty well answer the purpose formerly served by the advance note. But it is not quite clear in what respects it will be superior to the advance note. It is even conceivable that, inasmuch as the boarding-house keeper's prospect of getting his money will not be quite so certain as it used to be, he will compensate himself for the increased risk by a higher tariff of charges. Bad security will in this, as in other cases, mean high interest. When the men see that nothing but an Act of Parliament could give them back the advance note, they may have the good sense to bring the strike to an end. It will not have been without its compensating good if it inspires Parliament with a wholesome distrust of its power to give its good intentions in matters of this kind the precise effect that it wishes them to have.

CYPRUS.

THE Parliamentary papers recently issued relating to Cyprus, while they reflect credit upon the local authorities, cannot be said to place the action of the Government with regard to the island in a very favourable light. Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH's despatches show that he has honestly and earnestly endeavoured to do his best in administering its affairs; the Colonial Office, on the other hand, has apparently done its best to thwart any designs he may have conceived for the improvement of the dependency over which he presides, and to have determined beforehand that Cyprus shall be, and remain, insolvent. A correspondence has been laid upon the table respecting the application of the surplus revenue to the satisfaction of the claims of the Turkish bondholders; but it seems that there really is no surplus revenue at all, for when the stipulated proportion of it has been paid to the Porte, a considerable deficit is left, which is to be made up out of the pockets of the British taxpayers. As a strategic position Cyprus needs some considerable expenditure, though, according to Admirable HORNEY, not so much as has been thought, to fit it for the command of the Suez Canal, to which it is geographically destined; as a profitable speculation in a commercial point of view no one for a moment regarded it, and, indeed, no one would have dreamed of our occupying it on any such grounds. As it is, we are in possession of it; and, if we are to retain it, we must obviously try to make it pay its way. This is exactly what the present Government decline to do. The Secretary of State for the Colonies asks for a grant to supply a deficit, being apparently glad to set the dependency before the country as in a hopelessly bankrupt state, but he will neither sanction assisting it with advances to develop its resources nor make it possible for it to procure the money elsewhere.

The telegrams which have from time to time appeared in the columns of a contemporary would lead the public to suppose that a widespread agitation is going on in the island with a view to bring about its cession by ourselves and ultimate annexation to Greece. The latest advices from Cyprus do not confirm this intelligence, but rather show that the Cypriotes desire nothing better than to be assured that they will remain under English rule, and that the home Government should once for all contradict the *canards* which are being industriously circulated by a small clique of *soi-disant* Greek "patriots" and speculators. It may be added that neither geographically nor historically has the present kingdom of Greece the slightest valid claim on Cyprus. One grievance, indeed, does exist; the island is administered according to Turkish law, and the inhabitants urgently demand that the Moslem *Cadis* should be replaced by English magistrates, from whom, they believe, they would obtain more substantial justice. Burdened as it is with the heavy tribute paid to Turkey, the present financial position of Cyprus is far from satisfactory; but there is no doubt that, were the resources of the country properly developed, the balance between income and expenditure would very soon adjust itself. The grant of 77,000*l.* which is asked for would not do more than cover the existing deficit, and a larger outlay in public works is required than the Imperial Treasury would perhaps feel

justified in advancing. The obvious suggestion is that, if the island really has such capabilities of development, it should be easy to raise a loan upon the market to meet the exigencies of the case. This is exactly what ought to be, and no doubt would be, done if there were proper security to be had. Already the value of land has increased immensely since the British occupation; but as it would immediately fall again were we to give it up, and as, rightly or wrongly, an impression prevails that the present arrangement is only temporary, no one can be found to take up such a loan. The Government seem, indeed, to be doing their best to depreciate the value of the securities which Cyprus has to offer by throwing every obstacle in the way of improvements being carried out. The most crying needs are for a harbour at Famagosta to develop the trade of the island, for scientific cultivation and preservation of the forests, which have been allowed to get into a very bad state and need thorough replanting, and for the drainage of the marshes which are now so fruitful a source of malarious disease. The expenditure which the construction of the harbour would involve is evidently considered by Lord KIMBERLEY as out of the question, as he even declines to accede to the application for the outlay of five thousand pounds for the last-named object. He considers the success of the experiment of planting the *Eucalyptus globulus* in Cyprus as very doubtful, although the opinion of experts on the spot, and the brilliant success actually obtained in the reclamation of some of the worst of the Roman marshes by these means, are directly opposed to his opinion. As for the woods and forests, the Colonial Secretary thinks that they should be "left to recover themselves by the natural means of reproduction," and that it is sufficient to adopt "measures of protection" for what timber does remain. To be logical, Lord KIMBERLEY should bring in a Bill for the Abolition of our own Woods and Forests Department as entailing unnecessary expense, and should insist upon the English and Indian forests being left to natural means of reproduction. In England, perhaps, the full measure of folly which such a dictum implies is imperfectly appreciated. France has been forced to acknowledge and to endeavour to remedy the evils which a reckless destruction of timber brings about, and Germany has developed and matured an admirable system of forestry, with the best results. But we must go to the East for evidence of the frightful desolation which neglect or wanton destruction of trees can cause. A large portion of what is now desert to the south of Palestine is thickly strewn with the ruins of once populous towns and villages, which were formerly well watered and planted with trees. The incursions of Kharezmians and other devastating hordes have driven out or exterminated the inhabitants; the forests, uncared for, have dwindled away; and the periodical floods from the mountains have swept off the few plantations which remained, and which, when properly cultivated, acted like sponges, and retained the water which formerly fertilized the district. Trees not only serve this useful purpose, but, as is well known, actually attract the rainfall; and, where this is diminished, and an Oriental sun can exercise its influence undisturbed, a few years suffice to turn a fertile tract of country into an arid desert.

The necessity for a grant in aid of the revenues of Cyprus will be doubtless looked upon as conclusive proof of the hopeless insolvency of the island. Yet Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH would appear to have made sufficient financial arrangements to meet the requirements of the present year. The revenue for the current year is one hundred and eight thousand pounds, while the expenditure, including ninety thousand pounds to be paid to the Porte, is two hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. This leaves an apparent deficit of forty-five thousand pounds; but it must be remembered that by the Convention with Turkey the tribute was to be paid in *métallique*, and by forwarding the amount due to the SULTAN in that coinage the High Commissioner saved a sum of no less than forty thousand pounds, so that his Budget showed scarcely any deficit at all. In insisting, as the Government did, upon the payment of the difference to the Porte, they were certainly acting in accordance with sound principles, for otherwise Lord GRANVILLE could scarcely have insisted upon that portion of the surplus revenue of Cyprus which it was agreed should be applied to the reduction of the 1855 loan being paid at the rate of 120 piastres to the Turkish pound. It would never-

theless have been better for instructions to this effect to have been sent out beforehand, unless, indeed, it were the object of the Government to place the finances of the island in the most unfavourable light possible before the public. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the course pursued in taking over Cyprus, the duty of the Government with regard to it is now clear. They should either boldly acknowledge that they no longer think it desirable to retain it, or they should give the local authorities the chance of improving its condition, and enabling it to pay its way. To refuse to advance money in order to carry out necessary improvements, to prevent the possibility of obtaining money in the open market for the same purpose, and at the same time to dally with the machinations of an interested and utterly uninfluential clique, is scarcely a politic or reputable course of action. It may have the desired effect of making people discontented with and glad to get rid of the new acquisition; but it is scarcely fair to those who are entrusted with the administration of the island.

THE POST OFFICE REPORT.

THE Post Office is the one public department which now and then allows itself to lay aside the stateliness of demeanour which accompanies the habit of administration. Its Annual Report is to parliamentary papers what light comedy is to literature. It tells us what the department has been doing for the public, but it also lifts a corner of the veil which ordinarily conceals what the public does to the department. Considering how much pains the Post Office takes to carry our letters safely and quickly, it shows some want of gratitude in the writers that 27,000 letters should last year have been posted without any address whatever, that of these 5,000 furnished no clue to the name of the sender, and that 1,340 of them contained articles of value to the amount of nearly 5,000*l.* The steady growth of this practice seems to suggest that Mr. TOOTS's example has been improved upon in real life. Mr. TOOTS wrote letters which he never meant to reach their imaginary destination, but he does not seem to have thought of posting them without an address, still less of enclosing in them either money or jewelry. The habit, as the POSTMASTER-GENERAL politely calls it, of "transmitting animal and perishable matter still prevails." The facilities of making yourself unpleasant to persons at a distance which are furnished by postcards have not entirely displaced the blunter humour of sending them a dead rat. In warm weather it must be almost as bad to be the object of the mistaken solicitude for a distant correspondent which makes the Post Office a medium for the transmission of fish, sausages, and clotted cream. Mr. FAWCETT appeals to the public to discontinue a practice "so injurious to the health of the officers in one branch of the department." He might have added, as an argument likely to have more weight with the senders, that in one of the cases mentioned—live kittens—the practice is likely to be injurious to the health of the object conveyed.

The more serious contents of the Report deal rather with the subsidiary business of the Post Office than with its immediate function of carrying letters. It is as the national Savings Bank and the national Insurance and Annuity Office that some of the most useful work of the department is done. The experiment of making Government stock purchasable through the Post Office has been a decided success. Between the 22nd of November and the 31st of March—a period of little more than four months—382,139*l.* were invested in this way by 6,300 persons. Of this sum 151,465*l.* were merely transferred from the Post Office Savings Bank; but 230,674*l.* were specially deposited for investment, and may be taken to have been money which without the aid of the Post Office the owners would have found it difficult to turn into stock, and consequently might never have invested at all. Unfortunately for the rapid extension of the experiment, Consols have stood exceedingly high ever since it was begun. During the month of March, when they were at par, there was a considerable falling off in the number of investments. Notwithstanding the new way of disposing of money thus opened, the deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank have gone on growing. On the last day of December 1880 they amounted—including the interest accrued—to very nearly 33½ millions sterling, or nearly one million and

three-quarters more than on the last day of December 1879. The comparison between the proportion of depositors to population and the average balances due to each depositor in the three kingdoms respectively is curious. Probably most people would expect that in England, as the wealthiest and least thrifty country, the balances would be the largest and the proportion of depositors to population the smallest; that in Scotland, as a poor but thrifty country, the proportion of depositors to population would be largest and the balances due to them smallest; and that in Ireland, as a still poorer country, the average balance due to the depositors would reach the lowest point. Not one of these suppositions is entirely borne out by the facts. In England the proportion of depositors to population is far ahead of what it is in either of the other two. One person in every 13 has an account with the Post Office Savings Bank, whereas in Scotland only one person in every 53 has one, and in Ireland only one person in every 65. On the other hand, the average balance due to each depositor is higher in Ireland than in England—18*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* against 15*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*—and the former sum is more than double the average balance due to each Scotch depositor. About Ireland there is the further fact to be noted that "the increase of capital recorded in the previous year" has not only been maintained, but has been augmented by 47,000*l.*, and is larger than any annual "increase during the past ten years." The explanation of this state of things is not given by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, but it is easily found. During 1880 the Irish tenants did not fritter away money in paying their rents. Their obedience to the Land League left them in many cases with the amount due to the landlord safe in their pockets, and though some of it may have been wasted in natural exultation over this unprecedented state of things, a good deal of it, no doubt, was put by in case by some unexpected accident the rent should after all turn out to be recoverable.

Mr. FAWCETT describes with just satisfaction the success of the plan by which twelve postage stamps affixed to a special slip of paper are accepted as a deposit of a shilling. By the end of March—the plan having only been extended to the whole country on the 15th of November—223,000 new accounts had been opened in this way, and 576,560 slips of paper had been received. The department has been anxious to point out that the new scheme is intended not to supersede, but to act concurrently with, the old Penny Banks. As a matter of fact, however, an impression has grown up that the scheme has really converted the Post Office itself into a Penny Bank. Provided that those who have hitherto taken interest in Penny Banks transfer their superintendence to the provision and collection of the slips of paper, we do not see why Penny Banks in their old form should be continued. There is, however, ample room for the trial of a plan which is now in operation at Alnwick, by which the machinery of a Penny Bank is used for the purpose of buying annuities or policies of assurance. Hitherto the business in the former department of the Post Office has increased but slowly, and the rate of increase has not been always maintained, while in the latter it has largely though not steadily decreased. In 1880, 892 persons bought immediate and 41 persons bought deferred annuities. The former figures compare against 964 in 1879, 709 in 1878, and 745 in 1877; the latter compare against 49 in 1879, 50 in 1878, and 58 in 1877. As regards life assurance, 547 policies were granted in 1865—the year when the insurance department was opened—and this number has only twice been exceeded since. In the last three years the number of new policies have been 258, 226, and 229. It is plain that the principle of insurance has not yet come home to Englishmen. They are beginning to understand how to save money, but they have not yet learned to apply the principle to making provision for old age or death. This is singular, because both sick clubs and burial clubs—in one of which the benefit received is in the nature of an annuity during sickness, while in the other it is in the nature of an insurance payable at death—are exceedingly popular.

Two efforts to bring the Post Office Savings Bank to the very doors of the classes whom it is specially desired to benefit have been abandoned as unremunerative. In 1878 clerks were sent from country post-offices to attend at certain public works on pay days in order to give the navvies employed on them the means of putting by their

wages. The plan was tried at eight places, and 236 visits produced deposits to the amount of about 1,750*l.*, at a cost to the Post Office of something over 100*l.* In July 1880 clerks were sent once a week to about thirty villages lying at some distance from any Post Office Savings Bank, in order to ascertain whether there is any general want in outlying districts of additional opportunities for making deposits. Down to the close of October 33 villages had received 485 visits. Of these 161 had produced no results, while in the remainder 988*l.* had been deposited at a cost of 164*l.* This amount of business was not held sufficient to demand a continuance of either plan. As, however, the latter experiment resulted in the opening of permanent Savings Bank Offices at five of the villages, it may possibly be expedient to occasionally renew it in order to discover new centres of deposit. One fact is mentioned in the Report which we are really sorry should have been made public, as it will be made so very much of by Local Option orators during the recess. In March last Messrs. BASS and Co. proposed that a clerk from the Burton-on-Trent Post Office should be sent periodically to their brewery in order to give their workmen opportunity of putting their wages in the Savings Bank. As they offered to pay all the expenses incurred, Mr. FAWCETT consented, and offered to allow similar facilities to other firms on the same terms. Would that we could draw a veil over the result. "At the works of Messrs. BASS only nine deposits, amounting to 5*l.* 6*s.*, have been made in nineteen visits."

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

M. GAMBETTA has addressed one meeting in Belleville and abused another. On the first occasion he was listened to and cheered, but it was alleged by his adversaries that this decorous reception of the great opportunist was entirely due to the very careful packing which the meeting had undergone. The behaviour of the electors at the second meeting gives some colour to this description of the method adopted at the first. Either M. GAMBETTA's Committee did not venture to make the same arrangements on two successive occasions, or they were out-manœuvred by the opposite party. A builder's shed and the yard adjoining were early thronged by some ten thousand people, and by far the larger part of the crowd seems to have been opposed to M. GAMBETTA's re-election. It is not easy to shout down M. GAMBETTA, but for once it was done. The curiosity to hear what he had to say which must have been felt by some of those present was powerless to gain him even a partial and interrupted hearing. He did contrive, however, to convey to the disturbers of the meeting, or rather perhaps the disturbers who had met together, the opinion which he had formed of their conduct and characters. They are drunken and irresponsible slaves who, after the vote of honest and loyal citizens on the 21st has avenged him, will return to their old obscurity. The drunken slaves were sober enough to dislike being thus described, and they took such effectual measures for drowning M. GAMBETTA's voice that he thought it expedient to retreat. Of course no trustworthy inference can be drawn from what happened at this meeting as to the prospects of M. GAMBETTA's re-election. The ballot, at least, secures freedom to those prudent citizens who wish to shout with the noisiest party and vote with the one which is most likely to win, and it is quite conceivable that among the loudest of M. GAMBETTA's assailants on Tuesday may have been some who intend to vote for him all the same. The belief that M. GAMBETTA will shortly be in office is probably not shaken by anything that has happened during his canvass, and even an Irreconcilable may see advantages in having the PRIME MINISTER as his representative.

At the earlier meeting M. GAMBETTA did obtain a hearing, and he made a double use of his opportunity. He said many things, and some of the things he said could be made to carry many meanings. No man is a more perfect master of the useful art of making his words conceal his thoughts. He wished to carry the electors of Belleville with him, and he wished also not to make the work of governing the country harder by reason of any promises that he might make to them. He began the constructive part of his speech with the reform of the magistracy. That is a measure, he declared, of the first importance. "You cannot preserve respect for the law, if

"you do not preserve in the public respect for those who administer the law." When it came to defining the reform which should have this antiseptic effect, M. GAMBETTA was as vague as he ordinarily is. So he was as regards the army. He does not object to see the term of service with the colours reduced to three years, but he would rather not see it done just yet. So he was as regards the Church. Clericalism, of course, is still the enemy; but it is not quite clear how the enemy is to be met. M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that the question how to fight the Church demands a long and minute inquiry. Long and minute inquiries have been known before now to have very little result. The Concordat must be examined in order to see how little it is possible to give under it. The titles on which religious corporations hold their property must be strictly looked into, so that "this country of the Gaals," composed as it is of peasants and small proprietors, may not be shocked by the spectacle of other people's riches. Even the property which the Church holds legitimately, if there be any such, must have the eyes of the tax-gatherer turned towards it. Hitherto any inquiries that have been made in this direction have been merely inquiries of amateurs; now the expert must be called in, and the property of the Church in every department in France must be exactly valued and proportionately rated. Still, all this does not involve any necessary approach to the separation of Church and State by the suppression of the Ecclesiastical Budget; and, as this is a point upon which the Extreme Left feel strongly, M. GAMBETTA had to see how near he could go to abolishing the Concordat without actually abolishing it. The way he took to do this is singular, and tends to show how greatly M. GAMBETTA's view of what it is open to him to do in the way of coming to terms with the Church has changed. Ten years ago he drew a marked distinction between the higher and the lower clergy. Of the former he did not think very much, but for the latter he had nothing but praise. They are at once priests and peasants, they spend their lives in ministering to the poor, and the aim of the Republic should be to raise and enfranchise and emancipate them. M. GAMBETTA's ideas of raising, enfranchising, and emancipating the inferior clergy are now extremely simple. He has discovered that the Concordat binds the Government to pay the salaries of the curés—that is, of the priests stationed in the principal town or village of each canton—but that it is silent as regards the far more numerous class of curates who serve the churches of the smaller villages. There are said to be some thirty thousand priests belonging to this latter class as compared with some three thousand belonging to the former; so that, if it be true that the whole of these might have their pay withdrawn without the letter of the Concordat being violated, a very long step would plainly have been taken towards the abolition of the Budget of Public Worship, and yet nothing have been done of which the POPE, as the other party to the Concordat, could exactly take hold. M. GAMBETTA must now be supposed to have quite given up the hope of winning the country clergy, and especially the poorest of them, to the side of the Republic. The *vicaires* and *desservants*—the curates, as they would be called in England—have mostly nothing but their salary to depend on. The fees go to the curé, and, if they are without private means, the 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year which they get from the State is all that they have to live on. The suppression of this item in the Budget of Public Worship must close many village churches, and make thirty thousand peasants and members of peasant families the deadly enemies of the Republic. If M. GAMBETTA really means to take this step, he must set a much greater store by the support of the Extreme Left than it seems to deserve. If he is only pretending to mean it, he may find one day that he has underrated the memories of the clergy.

M. CLÉMENTEAU has also been making a great speech in Paris, which, at all events, cannot be charged with any undue moderation. But, thoroughgoing as his policy is, it is conceivable that the clergy may think it of the two less alarming than M. GAMBETTA'S. It is true he advocates the entire abolition of the Budget of Public Worship. But, if the curates are to have their salaries taken away, they may look with comparative indifference to an extension of the treatment to bishops and cardinals. Even those of the clergy who will retain their salaries under M. GAMBETTA'S project cannot well accept a version of the Concordat which leaves thirty thousand of their

brethren to starve on such chance payments as may be contributed by the frugal piety of the French peasant. Where M. CLÉMENTEAU parts company from M. GAMBETTA is in the degree of liberty he would give to the clergy when they have thus been reduced to a state of apostolic poverty. There is no inconvenience, he says, in allowing citizens freely to associate themselves together, to dress in white, black, or yellow, and to pray, work, or be idle in common. What is inconvenient is the payment out of the taxes of a religion to which many of the taxpayers are altogether opposed. Thus, M. CLÉMENTEAU is apparently willing to see the Church free and poor, while M. GAMBETTA would prefer to see it enslaved and poor. No doubt this view is hardly compatible with things that M. CLÉMENTEAU has formerly said. But, as he sees power and responsibility coming nearer, there will be much that he has formerly said which he will not care to be reminded of, and it is a very open question whether, in the long run, the Church would not be as well off under a Government of the Extreme Left as under one headed by an opportunist who is trying to conciliate the Extreme Left.

Perhaps, however, M. GAMBETTA will abandon his efforts in this direction now that he sees how ill they have been received. To all appearance, indeed, except in Belleville, where he has an immediate and personal object to gain, it matters very little whether he conciliates the Extreme Left or not. The new Chamber promises to be very much a reproduction of the last; and, if M. GAMBETTA had never opened his lips during the canvass, there is no reason to suppose that the result of the contest would have been very different from that which will be witnessed to-morrow. M. GAMBETTA has given some further pledges which will one day be brought up against him, and he has made the alienation of a powerful interest more complete. These are the only achievements of his canvass; and, as yet, the gain that they promise to bring him seems hardly worth the risks and sacrifices incurred.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE presentation of the twenty-fourth annual Report to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury from the Board of Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery affords much reason for public congratulation upon the success which continues to attend the institution committed to their charge. It grows and prospers, and every year shows an addition to its treasures, and an increasing development of its interest and claims on the Government. Founded in 1859, and for some years very insufficiently lodged in Great George Street, Westminster, the Portrait Gallery has since 1870 been provided with ample space, if not with absolute safe custody, at South Kensington; and it is not now likely ever to lack public encouragement and adequate support. The annual increment to its riches, which takes place under the management of its able and distinguished Trustees, aided by the learned and intelligent labours of Mr. George Scharf, the keeper and secretary, is always matter for favourable comment, and will gradually render the collection deserving of the nation whose worthies are represented in it. Indeed, there is not one of our public galleries which has higher aims, or provides more useful results. The history of England cannot be read in any more instructive or agreeable manner than by a walk among the portraits of its great men, explained as they are by brief biographical notices attached to the frames, and illustrated in many cases by authentic specimens of their handwriting. They may be studied in their habits as they lived, and are so arranged as to form a consecutive series in which each person of note is seen among his contemporaries. The new and enlarged historical and descriptive Catalogue, prepared by the Secretary, and recently issued at the low price of one shilling under the authority of the Trustees, gives a longer and fuller account of the various pictures and sculptures in the Gallery. Taking this as a guide to the portraits, the visitor will obtain as much as need generally be known about their subjects, and can at once learn their characters and lives, their personal appearance and dress.

The compilation is well done, and is free from the defects of political partisanship which were so striking in the catalogues of the Loan Exhibitions of Portraits which took place in the same galleries some years ago. In any process of literary condensation, it is difficult to be brief without being dry, and not easy to select the facts and incidents which are to be preserved or rejected. In dealing too with men in so many positions of life, and with such varied surroundings, perfect accuracy cannot always be expected—or statements may be adopted which, although literally true, contain that which is likely sometimes to mislead. There is an instance of this in the short account of Lord Chief Justice Lee, who presided in the Court of King's Bench from 1737 to 1754. It is stated that in March 1754, on the sudden death of Mr. Pelham, the seals of the Chancellor of the Exche-

quer were placed in his hands. Pelham died on 9th March, and Legge was appointed his political successor on the 6th April following; and during this interval, according to old usage, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench would perform all such judicial and ministerial acts in connexion with the Court of Exchequer as belonged to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the fact that Lee so acted as Chancellor is duly noted in Beatson's *Political Index*. But, not being capable of sitting in the House of Commons, and not being a member of the Government, he could not discharge the political duties which are the only ones that would occur to the general reader on being informed that a particular person held the seals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer during a certain time. The Great Seal of the Exchequer was in Lee's time probably affixed to all sheriffs' warrants of office, as it is still to those of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex; but a lesser seal or stamp used formerly to be specially impressed upon all process issuing from the Court of Exchequer. It bore the personal initials of the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or Chief Justice for the time being; but latterly, and until its abolition some thirty years since, it bore only the letters "C.E.," and so required no alteration on a change of office. Lord Denman was the last Lord Chief Justice who to this extent officiated as Chancellor of the Exchequer. A few other similar matters might be perhaps discovered by those whose special knowledge and pursuits qualify them to do so; but, for all useful and general purposes, the new Catalogue deserves great commendation, and in future editions will unquestionably be rendered even better than it now is. The Catalogue also gives a list of the portraits in the order of their accession to the Gallery, and short biographical notices of the artists with reference to their works in the collection. There is, too, a catalogue of autographs, and it is to be hoped that this part of the treasures under Mr. Scharf's care may continue to be increased by donations, as has hitherto been the case, no public money having been expended on their purchase. Whatever errors may be found in the Catalogue may be attributed to the curmudgeonly jealousy of the Stationery Office, which refuses those ordinary conveniences for correcting proofs which all private publishers afford to non-official compilers. We would point to the notice of one distinguished man, in which, entirely by the fault of the Stationery Office, misdescriptions have been allowed to stand.

Among the acquisitions of the past year may be especially noted an alto-relievo, in white marble, of Mrs. Siddons, sculptured by Thomas Campbell, an artist of no mean ability. This memorial of the great actress was acquired some time since by Mr. Gibson Craig, of Edinburgh, at the sale of the sculptor's effects, and has been recently presented by him to the Gallery. It is a fine work, and does full justice to its great original. It is known that the intention of placing a monument to Mrs. Siddons in Westminster Abbey was mainly encouraged by her distinguished successor, Mr. Macready; and, indeed, that he personally found the greater part of the funds necessary for carrying it to completion. This piece of sculpture is, therefore, as might be expected, mentioned by Macready in his *Reminiscences*, to which reference is made in the Catalogue. He records that it was prepared by Campbell to be placed in the Abbey; but no reason is given for the preference ultimately accorded to the full-length statue which actually stands there, and which is much inferior to this, both as an adequate likeness and as a work of art. It is well that so worthy a representation of our greatest actress should be placed in the Portrait Gallery, and it is in a position where it can be seen to the greatest advantage.

Among the new pictures now reported on, there is one of much interest, but the subject of which is not yet absolutely known. As described in the Report, it represents Queen Anne presiding at a Court ceremonial in the State apartments on the ground-floor of some palace, in which most of the principal figures are arrayed in the robes of the Order of the Garter. Yeomen of the Guard are in attendance; and in the distance, in an anteroom, or looking in through a window, other persons are represented. The picture is signed by Peter Angelis, who was not in England before 1712, and remained in it to 1724; and as Queen Anne died in 1714, the date of the picture is thus limited to the last two years of her reign. The Queen is laying her right hand upon the joined hands of two of the Knights of the Garter, who are kneeling before her upon the lowest step of the throne. It is not now intended to offer any opinion upon the significance of this part of the picture; but as to the general nature of the occasion a suggestion may be made towards explanation. From the number of persons present in the full robes of the Garter it seems difficult to avoid the inference that a Chapter of the Order is being held, and it remains to discover an incident in the history of the Order in the last two years of the reign of Queen Anne of such interest as to render probable its perpetuation in a special picture by an eminent artist; and this, it is submitted, can be done.

Burnet, in the *History of His Own Times*, and writing of the events in the latter part of the year 1712, says, "At this time the Order of the Garter had nine vacant stalls, so six knights were at one time promoted—the Dukes of Beaufort, Hamilton, and Kent, and the Earls of Oxford, Poulet, and Strafford." Now the Duke of Hamilton was killed in his famous duel with Lord Mohun on the 15th of November, 1712, a few days before he intended to set out on his embassy to the Court of France, to which he had been recently appointed, so that this large addition to the number of Knights of the Garter must have taken place, at any rate, before

the middle of the month of November. But the date is capable of being fixed with absolute precision. For Dean Swift, writing to his friend Dr. King, from London, on October 21, 1712, says:—"The Lord Treasurer (that is, the Earl of Oxford) goes down to Windsor on Friday next to be chosen of the Garter with five more lords." The other new knights were Henry, Duke of Beaufort, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who had been appointed Master-General of the Ordnance on the preceding 29th August; Henry, Duke of Kent; John, Earl of Poulet, Lord Steward of the Household; and Thomas, Earl of Strafford, just made First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. There is evidence from the easily accessible accounts of the careers of these noblemen that they were all elected Knights of the Garter on the 26th October, 1712, and Swift's letter fixes Windsor as the place of the ceremony. Some of them might have had to kiss hands on recent appointments to office. Those who lived were afterwards formally installed in St. George's Chapel on the 4th August, 1713. For further assistance in identifying the portraits of the great personages taking part in the function, it may be mentioned that Sir Jonathan Trelawney (one of the Seven Bishops as Bishop of Exeter) was Bishop of Winchester at the time, and Sprat (also Dean of Westminster) was Bishop of Salisbury, and these bishops would be probably present as Chancellor and Prelate respectively of the Order of the Garter.

The Duke of Marlborough left England four days afterwards—namely, on the 30th of October, 1712. But, considering the grave charges then pending against him, it is hardly likely that he should have presented himself at Court. It was at the end of the previous June that Lord Poulet had attacked him in debate in the House of Lords, which led to a hostile message sent by the Duke through Lord Mohun, and that the Queen had interfered and an apparent reconciliation had been effected. There must, however, be in existence authentic records of the Order of the Garter, which would disclose who were the persons present at the Chapter held on the 26th of October, 1712.

An interesting feature in the National Portrait Gallery is the gradually increasing collection of likenesses engraved *ad vivum*—that is to say, taken direct from the life, and not from a previously existing picture. Fourteen of these have been placed on the walls during the past year, and they include among others of note Lord Keeper Guilford, Titus Oates, Bishop Pearson of the Creed, Isaac Watts, and Clarendon. Such names as these well illustrate the rule laid down by the late Earl Stanhope—that no portrait should be admitted as to which a person of good education should have to ask "Who is he?" and it is clear that the value of the collection can only be maintained by a strict exercise of the power to refuse admission to portraits of undistinguished individuals, however much family pride or private feelings might be gratified by yielding to solicitations to purchase or by accepting offers of absolute gifts.

The statement that no less than thirty-eight pictures have within the last twelve months been protected by glass will be received with mingled approval and regret. It is satisfactory to know that due means have been taken to guard our treasures against the mischievous effects of the smoke-laden atmosphere of London; but the continued existence of the still unchecked supremacy of this evil leads to very serious reflections. If it were not for the knowledge that some well-directed efforts are now being made to restore London to a condition in which works of art may be kept in it without risk of destruction, the situation would be a grave one indeed.

Complete protection against the peril of loss by fire of the priceless collection now contained in the National Portrait Gallery can only be afforded by Government measures supported in Parliament. The building is not fireproof; some improvements, it is true, have been made towards averting a possible burning in effigy, pictorial and sculptured, of the departed great ones assembled in our metropolitan Valhalla. Nevertheless, early in the present year the place was actually on fire, and there might have been a holocaust. Fortunately, no serious mischief was done; but another winter should not be allowed to pass without rendering the system employed to heat the galleries free from any risk of a fire, which, if it once got hold of the fabric, would hardly fail to end in a general and disastrous conflagration.

SELLA CURULIS.

THERE have been times when it has been hinted that Mr. Gladstone was not very fond of Greenwich—at least as regards whitebait dinners—and there have also been times when it seemed as if Greenwich were not very fond of Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, a superficial historian, judging from the fact that the Prime Minister did not present himself for re-election, and that Greenwich is now represented by two wicked Tories, might be inclined to think that this latter was the present state of the case. He would have been egregiously mistaken. On Wednesday Mr. Gladstone came to dine at Greenwich with *ban* and *arride-ban*, with Secretaries and Under-Secretaries, Presidents and Vice-Presidents, from Lord Granville down to the very latest accession to the Ministry, who has just accepted the diminished glories of the Lord-Advocateship. They came, according to custom, by what M. de Florac called the *pénibot*—that is to say, a specially chartered *pénibot*, of course. This honoured re-

representative of Britannia's mercantile navy was greeted with guns, and probably, though reports are silent on the subject, with "See the conquering hero." It is to be hoped that the guns did not continue during the banquet, because an intermittent cannonade, unless the eater be a King of Denmark and to the manner born, is not conducive to comfortable mastication or digestion. But before the hungry Ministers were allowed to eat their dinner with the pleasant certainty of not being summoned from the dining-room at the bidding of Mr. Biggar, and soundly scolded by Mr. Healy for the unconscionable time bestowed on creature comforts, they had a ceremony to go through. The lively fancy of the Liberals of Greenwich had determined once more to provide Mr. Gladstone with a seat—a literal one this time. None of the dark suspicions which hung about Mr. Slumkey's coal-scuttle have been suggested even by a base Tory press in reference to Mr. Gladstone's armchair. It is a genuine testimonial such as the Premier, who has not his predecessor's brutal indifference to the people's gifts, loves to accept. The armchair of Wednesday will make an important addition to the museum of miscellaneous products which already exists at Hawarden. Oak, silver, and buff morocco support and upholster it. It is the work of Mr. Lucraft (whether the celebrated patriot of that name or some other we know not), and it is covered lavishly with what an Irish deputation which once presented a sword to Marshal MacMahon called "symbols of emblems." There are the arms of the distinguished statesman, there are roses and shamrocks and thistles, there is a dubious bundle of leeks, which may be either intended to symbolize the favourite food of the sitter (ut opinatur doctissimus Scriblerus. Vide infra), or may be meant to refer to Wales. On either side of this collection of vegetables is an axe, the appropriateness of which is obvious and multifarious. Underneath it, we are told, there are on one side the emblems of tyranny, a scourge, a birch rod, and chains; on the other, the emblems of liberty and prosperity, consisting of palm leaves (these, however, are usually considered to symbolize victory, not liberty and prosperity, and doubtless refer to Majuba), and various fruits. Why Mr. Gladstone should be regarded as indifferently devoted to tyranny and liberty it is hard to see; and at first sight it would seem more appropriate to have placed the scourge and the chains on the footstool (for there is a footstool) that the hero might be represented as trampling on the hated objects. But the designers probably knew what they were about, and meant to show that Mr. Gladstone has chains and whips ready for Tories, landlords, Irish churchmen, and other evildoers; while he distributes palms—there is still that difficulty about the palms—and various fruits to good Liberals, Irish mutilators of the tails of cattle (by the way, since the message of peace a pleasing innovation has been introduced, and they now split the tail instead of cutting it off), and other approved and deserving persons.

With the chair there was, of course, a speech; and the speech, according to all rules of exegesis, must be taken in connexion with the chair in which, let us trust, Mr. Gladstone sat to hear it. The speech, however, except in reference to the crux of the palm, has nothing of great interest. It welcomed Mr. Gladstone back to the constituency which has practically turned him out, and told him that the eyes of Greenwich had been on him with increasing admiration. It informed him further (that is, if it is to be taken literally and grammatically) that he had "reflected the greatest glory on himself as a British statesman"—an optical effect which we do not wholly understand. Mr. Gladstone, before his natural astonishment of the feat of autometacatoptrics thus attributed to him had subsided, was instructed that "his desire to stay the progress of war, unrighteously commenced and cruelly prosecuted, has won the admiration of every true philanthropist." Now Mr. Gladstone, as Prime Minister (and the address was limited to his performances in this capacity), has stayed the progress of only one war—that in the Transvaal. As this was wholly commenced and prosecuted under his own Government, it follows that his Greenwich admirers told him that he first unrighteously commenced a war and then cruelly prosecuted it, which is surely one of the most left-handed compliments ever offered to a public man by earnest but maladroit admirers. "When," it seems, "the history" of his Premiership "is read with a vision undimmed by party obscurity and untouched by hostile clamour," a very exalted opinion will be formed of it. The intentions of the Greenwich Liberals are excellent, but their language is a trifle obscure, perhaps owing to a party obscurity. Undimmed by party obscurity may, perhaps, mean unobscured by party blindness. But how about a vision untouched by hostile clamour? "Moi je fais des métaphores qui se suivent," said a great Frenchman. It is to be feared that the Greenwich Liberals cannot truly repeat the boast. Perhaps, however, they only mean that they wish somebody in future times to read a history of Mr. Gladstone's Premiership, which is pure of all attempts to put both sides of the question, and in that case their conclusion will very likely be reached. So much for the address, which, as we have said, is chiefly valuable because of that passage about the Transvaal war, which clearly indicates the otherwise obscure significance of the palm-wreath and is of exegetical value as to the leeks. On the whole, it is to be hoped that a greater knowledge of carpentry has been bestowed on the chair than of English in the speech. Otherwise it is but too likely that the offering will break down and deposit the Prime Minister among the wrecks of the leeks and the palms and the scourges and the other heraldic and symbolic adornments.

The forty-five Secretaries and Under-Secretaries who had no chairs given to them may have been a little bored by this preli-

minary performance, unless they consoled themselves by laughing at the address. If they did this, let us hope it was behind the back of their revered chief, on some of whose own sentences its periods seem to have been modelled, and whose convictions it undoubtedly expressed. Then they went upstairs, and history drops a veil upon them. Indiscreet persons have endeavoured to lift that veil at least in reference to former banquets, and have informed the world that Ministerial high jinks go on at these feasts. *Jocus circumvolat*, says the witness; let us hope, for the sake of propriety, not also *Cupido*. The Foreign Secretary looks towards the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who, by the way, was not present on this occasion, and remarks, "Your health and song, sir"; the youngest Minister is put in the chair—not, let us hope, the leek-and-scourge chair. Probably, also, the Irish Secretary takes off the company "quite natural and distinct," and everybody draws bills for fabulous amounts on the back of the *menu* cards, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer accepts, and the First Lord of the Treasury endorses with the utmost freedom in his double capacity. For this glimpse of the sedate pleasures of a care-burdened Cabinet outsiders are, of course, duly grateful. Fancy, however, is at liberty to paint other and quite different scenes. There is what may be called the lurid picture, the "blue light æderunt," as Mr. Carlyle had it. Mr. Gladstone produces a long list of doomed institutions, and the famous blood bargain of the second triumvirate is repeated. The Lord Advocate sacrifices the Historiographer Royal of Scotland in exchange for a Bill confiscating all the North British property of the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Courtney promises not to support women's suffrage provided the Boers are allowed to strip any Englishman of his property. Lord Hartington abandons primogeniture, and consents to the introduction of the law of *quotité*, on condition that he shall never be asked to be in the House before dinner-time or expected to contribute anything more than common sense to a discussion. There is the business-like picture suggested, indeed, by Mr. Gladstone's reply to the chair-givers, which, like most Ministerial remarks lately, harped upon the changes to be introduced into the business of the House of Commons. A large sheet of foolscap by the side of each Minister, an inkstand among the multitudinous wine-glasses, and a stipulation that each should contribute a suggestion as the successive dishes came round—this, according to the general arrangements of a Greenwich dinner, would make up a Bill about as long as the Land Act—may have been part of the programme of the festive occasion. Or, after all, and most probably, it may have been a very ordinary dinner, like all other dinners; a novelty and, for the time, an excitement to Mr. Asher, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and other newcomers; an institution kept up for the sake of "auld lang syne" to some, to others simply a bore. If a recent utterance of Mr. Bright's may be taken as indicating the probable state of mind of his colleagues, the feeling of the forty-six must have been secret but unanimous relief. "Thank heaven I shan't see much of you forty-five fellows for a few months." Mr. Gladstone, if he has ever read *Regrets sur ma vieille robe de chambre*, which is doubtful, must have been dreading the probable effect of his new chair on his study; Mr. Forster chewing the cud of the latest flowers of compliment thrown to him by the Irish members; Mr. Chamberlain wondering whether the sailors upon whom he rather cavalierly turned his back on Monday last would waylay the *pénibot* piratically on its return and suspend him from a yard-arm (only *pénibots* have no yard-arms). It is rather stale moralizing to say that *Atra Cura* perches at the back of a Greenwich diner's chair, and indigestion sits among the flowers and fruits before him. But, at any rate, ordinary diners do not require Inspector Denning to look after them as they seek the festive halls, whatever may be the case on their return. That intelligent officer, what with Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, has had a hard time of it of late, and must be as glad of the end of the Session as Lord Hartington himself. Fortunately, however, *cartouches farcies au dynamite* did not figure on the *menu*, and everybody seems to have got safe home again—Mr. Gladstone, let us hope, conveying, or having conveyed, the symbolic chair with all its leeks along with him.

AGNOSTIC MORALITY.

MISS BEVINGTON has made a fierce attack in the *Fortnightly Review* on Mr. Goldwin Smith, as a typical representative of a certain class of modern thinkers who do not indeed deny "the leading scientific hypothesis of our time"—evolution—but seem to mistrust what she calls "the moral colour of Rationalism." Mr. Goldwin Smith will hardly be regarded as a theological dogmatist, and if he looks with some distrust on "the moral implications" of Agnosticism, he is borne out, as will presently appear, by the testimony of writers as little chargeable with any suspicion of Christian or even theistic leanings as Miss Bevington herself. Into the detailed controversy between them we do not propose to enter here, partly because we are not holding a brief for Mr. Goldwin Smith—who appears in some minor points to have laid himself open to a plausible retort—and partly because it would be impossible without carefully comparing with the context the brief extracts from various papers of his cited by Miss Bevington to say how far she has done justice to his real meaning, about which we are often disposed to feel very doubtful. But the main issue is simple enough, though it is

not clearly stated here. It is whether science, as she understands the term, will supply the place of religion. And it is surely quite possible "to give intellectual assent" to any or every scientific hypothesis which can make good its claim to acceptance without being prepared to grant this further postulate. It is, therefore, both idle and irrelevant to complain that writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith begin by admitting or implying that the voice of science is to be listened to, and then "proceed to dilate on the prospective misery and degeneration such listening will bring upon our ill-fated race." They admit, we presume, what they believe to be scientifically demonstrated, but they do not admit that this scientific creed, however well authenticated, is a sufficient guide of life. It is certainly in this sense, as we gather even from the isolated extracts quoted here, that Mr. Goldwin Smith undertakes "to exhibit the moral shortcomings of scientific philosophy." Nor is there any inconsistency, as his critic assumes, in this line being taken by a writer who admits, if he does admit—on that point no information is before us—the validity of the evolution doctrine as such. We say advisedly the doctrine, as such, because while Miss Bevington says that "the charge brought against scientific doctrine is that it tends to give a charter to personal and political selfishness and tyranny," the first words of her first extract show plainly enough that the charge is brought not against the scientific doctrine but against its exponents, or some of them, who deduce from it certain ethical consequences, as, *e.g.*, that we should dismiss the idea of human brotherhood from our minds, and substitute some new social principle of a very different kind in its place. And these inferences are evidently deduced, not from the scientific truth itself, but from an estimate of its bearings which, as we observed before, makes it the sufficient foundation of all moral and religious truth. It is under this aspect that Mr. Goldwin Smith rejects the account of the moral sense and of moral life given by evolutionists as inadequate, and observes that it recognizes "no essential difference between the philosopher and his dog." Nor is it any reply to his criticism to say that all the long course of physical and resulting moral changes which have intervened in the process from the canine stage to the philosophical is fully admitted by evolutionists, when they treat it—to quote Miss Bevington's own language—as an unbroken "continuity of causation," with no moral or spiritual element, and therefore, of course, excluding, *ex hypothesi*, as she herself points out, the "spiritual life" and "heavenly hope," for which Mr. Goldwin Smith pleads. These changes, as she allows, or rather insists, "have an hereditary rather than an individual history," and offer no record or promise of any moral or spiritual development in the individual members of the race. The "long, complicated, and changeable history" which has made man what he is, has, after all, a physical, not an ethical, character, though it may have induced modifications of mental as well as bodily habit. It is difficult to see how it can afford any ground or motive of "duty," as the writer suggests:—

In point of fact, while sociology offers explanation of the anti-social tendencies still left in individuals, by regarding them as surviving remnants of inherited brutality, it implicitly condemns them by that very explanation as unsuited to the vastly changed external conditions of human existence. Sociologically viewed, such tendencies are, among ourselves, unfit. Ethically viewed, therefore, they are hurtful, inhuman, wrong.

"Hurtful" and "inhuman" perhaps, as unsuited to the present stage of human development, but why "wrong," except in the sense, to use an illustration of the writer's own, that "chipped flints" would be wrong "in the hands of a race that has since invented the steam-engine and the telescope"?

We have already intimated that the real gist of Miss Bevington's indictment against those who decline to listen to "the voice of science, as the most credible voice within earshot of this century," is directed against those who refuse to accept scientific teaching as the most credible, or rather the only credible, authority in religious and moral questions. This actual drift of her article becomes clearer as we proceed. The head and front of Mr. Goldwin Smith's offending is summed up in the following extracts:—

After all, without God or spirit, what (he asks) is Humanity? One school of science reckons one hundred and fifty different species of man. What is the bond of unity between these species, and wherein consists the obligation to mutual love and help?

Humanity, it seems to us, is a fundamentally Christian idea. . . . The idea of the progress of Humanity seems to us to have been derived from the Christian belief in the coming of the kingdom of God through the extension of the Church.

To this assertion his assailant indignantly replies that the idea of human brotherhood is "arbitrary" and "rickety," as long as it is upheld on "orthodox" instead of evolutionist grounds. We owe some apology to our readers for putting before them language so offensive to good taste, to say the least, as is contained in the following passage. But it brings out fairly enough the point at issue between Miss Bevington and her opponents, which is not the truth of science, but the moral force of Agnosticism:—

The doctrine that men are "one in Christ" tells merely of the bond of a common faith supposed eventually to be shared by all men alike. All its force hinges on the possession of convictions respecting an after-life—convictions which every advance of real knowledge, whether biological or psychological, tends indirectly rather to weaken than to reinforce. Such a doctrine implies that men's duty of mutual helpfulness is derived from a single teacher's injunctions; and that they are to feel and to act as "brothers," not because of the simple, natural fact that they are knit by their common needs, and mutual powers of helpfulness, but because one large-hearted, heretical Jewish artisan but yesterday was, by a section of humanity, declared a god, or a demi-god; and but yesterday, in that

character, imposed the notion of the unity of humanity, declaring that all the slight varieties of men he knew of should love one another "for his sake." Needless to say that this limited idea of the obligation of "brotherhood" is an idea likely enough to be unsated.

Now we are not going to enter on a general discussion of the relative moral influences of Christianity and Rationalism. As regards the recent instances of an incipient tendency to merciless and unjust dealings noted by Mr. Goldwin Smith, his assailant has no doubt shown, as he had himself expressly acknowledged, that "among the foremost champions of humanity stood some men of the highest eminence who are generally classed with the ultra-scientific school." But even here there is much force in his remark that "they are men in whose philosophy an essentially theological element still lingers, however untheological the language of some of them may be," as the result of previous training and of the religious atmosphere which surrounds them. Is Miss Bevington prepared to contest her opponent's arguments as to the Christian influence of Wilberforce in the suppression of modern slavery, or to deny the conspicuous services of a similar kind to the cause of humanity which Christianity has rendered in times past? If so, she may be left to answer the eloquent and elaborate record of those services supplied by a writer so little infected with any taint of theological prepossession as Mr. Lecky, who, by the way, assigns a prominent place in his catalogue to the new sense of the sanctity of human life and of universal brotherhood created and fostered by "a religion not more remarkable for the beauty of its moral teaching than for the power with which it acted on mankind, and which during the last few centuries has been the source of countless blessings to the world." That "the voice of science" alone will be able to produce or to sustain such beneficent results is at least "not proven"; its moral triumphs are in the future.

We may indeed bring forward against Miss Bevington the testimony of one of her own most distinguished witnesses, who agrees with her that "the old theologians" have had their day, and dismisses Christianity to the limbo of defunct superstitions, while yet he considers it a far less "rickety" and "arbitrary" basis of religious and moral life than what she offers in its place. In a paper noticed in our columns not long ago Mr. Frederic Harrison assures us that "the faith of Christ and Paul and Augustine and Luther would not have done all it has done for eighteen hundred years, if it did not touch the deepest chords of the human heart." Nor does he think its power exhausted yet, for he adds that the religion of Humanity, of which he is the prophet, "has more sympathy with Theism than with Atheism; more respect for the Athanasian Creed itself than for Pantheism; and a firm conviction that Christianity, whatever its destiny may be, will long outlive as a religion all forms of cosmic emotion." Every form of Theism, and especially the Christian, really did and does work as a religion, he tells us, though of course he considers them mistaken creeds. But meanwhile he can hardly find words to express his withering contempt for the religious and moral claims of every form of Agnosticism. "They cannot compass duty"—the italics are his own. We are mockingly bidden to preach these Gospels to the fatherless and the widow and the heart-broken; to enforce their moral teachings on the debauchee, the glutton, and the cheat; to try if they will tame the demon of despotic cruelty or heal the social delirium of anarchy. "It would be like offering roses to a famished tiger, or playing a sonata to a man in a fever. . . . You might as well tell a mother to bring up her child on the binomial theorem." And those who put their trust in such scientific creeds are advised "to call to the Unknowable, and ask it to bestow on them a spirit of resignation to the dispensations of infinite differentiation." We could quote plenty more to the same purpose, but this may suffice. Miss Bevington may perhaps reply, with another of her chosen witnesses, Mr. Herbert Spencer, that she has as little respect for Comtism as for Christianity. So it so. But, while these rival scientists are exhausting the capabilities of the English language to give utterance to the sovereign contempt they respectively feel for each other's theories of moral and religious life, old-fashioned people may perhaps be excused for clinging to the rickety system which has done its work pretty well for eighteen centuries, and is likely, according to one of the ablest of its opponents, long to outlive the scientific substitute proffered for an exploded faith, which "cannot act," and therefore "will never be a religion."

A PATTERN SHERIFF.

THE respectable inhabitants of the United States are, to do them justice, fully awake at last to the unpleasantness arising from the fact that all bad Irish Americans, when they become intolerable in their adopted country, go back, or send reminders of their existence back, to England. An American newspaper of standing has made the suggestion, in which it has probably been anticipated by every facetious schoolboy in Great Britain, that dynamite—"holy dynamite"—might be good for Mr. Rossa himself. Mr. Blaine has intimated in the most gratifying manner his sympathy with Sir William Harcourt and his extreme desire to find the consignors of the Liverpool infernal machines. All this is very gratifying, but slightly unpractical. The fact unfortunately remains that the United States, by no fault of their own, exercise a remarkable process of cosmocoincidence or sieve divination

upon the characters of the Irishmen whom they attract to their shores. The respectable emigrant very soon finds his level, settles to work, and though when he is very young and foolish he sometimes subscribes hard-earned dollars for the carrying on of private war against Great Britain, these dollars for the most part find their way into the pockets of the "gorgeous bar-tender," and Great Britain stands very much where it did. The worst sort of Irish American, on the other hand, is rejected by the sieve. Sometimes he finds an unwept grave in the West; sometimes he is passed on to Australia, where he becomes a larrykin or is sacrificed, no one bemoaning him, by larrykins; more frequently, especially in times of agitation, he comes back to his native country, and becomes the pest and curse whom we all know, if only—on this side of St. George's Channel—by report.

This being the case, the deeds of Mr. Patrick Garrett, whom without any very definite evidence we may fairly assume to be of Irish extraction, seem to deserve some comment, if only to show that everything Irish does not deteriorate when it is exported to America. Mr. Garrett is described as the "brave and faithful Pat" Garrett, and he appears to be Sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. Now, in New Mexico there was lately an unfortunate brave known as Billy the Kid. Billy the Kid is dead, and the people of New Mexico do not appear to weep over his urn. Indeed, if we are to believe the *Santa Fé New Mexican*, "no report could have caused a more general feeling of satisfaction than that of the death of Billy," while, when it was known that the auspicious event was due to the hand of Patrick Garrett, "the sense of satisfaction was heightened to one of delight." The meeting of Garrett and the Kid was, indeed, a dramatic one, and it is only to be regretted that a moment of weakness on the Kid's part threw an obvious advantage almost amounting to foul play on the side of the law. The misdeeds of William the Kid had been many, and Sheriff Patrick had long been on his track. "At last," he reports to the Governor of New Mexico, "he heard that William Benny, alias the Kid, had been in the neighbourhood of Fort Sumner for some time." So the Sheriff took with him two trusty men, who, however, did not figure in the final scene, and went to Fort Sumner. At midnight he entered the Fort and "went to the room of Mr. P. Maxwell," a personage who is introduced somewhat Homerically, and without that precise description which realism demands. Whether Mr. P. Maxwell was an accomplice of the Kid's, or a well-wisher to justice, does not appear, but it seems that the Sheriff thought it not superfluous to explain his own redoubtable presence in the Maxwellian chamber. While he was thus engaged "a man entered the room in stocking feet with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other." It is impossible to doubt that, if one of Mr. Bret Harte's model characters had been in the Sheriff's place, he would instantly have fired on the man, and have subsequently made all proper inquiries; while in the same way, if he had been in the man's place, he would have adopted the same prudent course of proceeding towards the Sheriff. Even Thompson of Angel's, however, was notoriously disconcerted on a famous occasion, and allowance may therefore be made for Messrs. Garrett and Bonny respectively. The Kid, however, must have been very much demoralized, for, even when Mr. Garrett "reached behind him"—a gesture as significant of shooting in America as of the harmless quest for a pocket-handkerchief in England—he did not fire first, according to the precept for such cases made and provided. He came to the bed, and inquired of the presumably recumbent Maxwell "Who is it?" repeating that question in the second person while he held his pistol at Mr. Garrett's breast. The duty of the gallant Patrick was then a "dorned clear thing." He shot the Kid through the heart with the utmost precision, so that, as Defoe has it, "he never spoke more." The report modestly apologizes for the compulsory summariness of the proceedings; but the Fort Sumner coroner's jury scouted these bashful excuses of Mr. Garrett's. "We, the jury," say they, "unanimously say that William Bonny came to his death from a wound in the breast in the region of the heart, fired from a pistol in the hand of Pat A. Garrett, and our decision is that the action of the said Garrett was justifiable homicide; and we are united in our opinion that the gratitude of all the community is due to the said Garrett, and that he deserves to be compensated." A wound fired from a pistol is an unusual expression, and compensation for indulging in the amusement of shooting seems to be somewhat out of place. The jury, whose names are all Spanish, doubtless meant reward. But there is no necessity to differ with them or with the *Santa Fé New Mexican* in our general estimate of Mr. Pat Garrett. We think, speaking critically, that he should have had his pistol ready sooner, and so have been independent of the fortunate irresolution of the Kid. But, supposing that the Kid had got to be shot—which seems to be a foregone conclusion—it must be admitted that Pat A. Garrett, with the pistol and knife at his own breast, got his bullet off with great lightness, freedom, courage, and discretion.

It must strike everybody that, as the United States are so lavish to us of Redpaths, Boytons, O'Donovan Rossas, and such like cattle, it is a great pity that they cannot spare us a few Patrick Garretts to counteract the operations of the League, which the *Pall Mall Gazette* pathetically regards as a "law-abiding trade's union," spoilt and warped in its development by the malignant influence of coercion. The cheerful support of public opinion, as expressed by juries in Ireland, Mr. Garrett would, indeed, lack if he endeavoured to apply the appropriate remedies to the Irish representatives of Billy the Kid. But public opinion on this side the Channel might be educated to sustain him. It is certainly

worth notice that since the passing of the Land Bill has been a practically assured fact, a distinct recrudescence of outrages has taken place. Midnight maiming and menace, despite the summer nights and the approach of the harvest, have once more come into fashion; outrages on animals of a more brutal kind than ever have recommenced; Boycotting has reached such a pitch that something like four hundred labourers have been sent from Ulster to save the grass on tabooed estates; columns of troops and police are once more required to enforce the ordinary processes of law (processes which will go on exactly in the same way under the Land Act as before it); houses have been burnt; sportsmen have been molested; threatening letters are rife again, and the language of the agitators who are at the bottom of all these things is more confident than ever. The Land Act, it must be remembered, will at first bring about something like a crisis in hundreds and thousands of holdings. Either the holders will have to pay with such discount as the arrears' clause allows them, or they will have to submit to their holdings being sold and the price set against their debts. Either of these processes is absolutely inconsistent with the Land League programme; and, therefore, unless the League collapses entirely, which is for the present improbable, the war is sure to be carried on in the ordinary way. For meeting that way persons of the stamp of Mr. Garrett would be extremely useful. It is difficult to think, without pleasurable sensations, of the surprise which a gang of Land League houghers and ear-clippers would feel if some unlucky farmer whom they invaded in the dead of night were to "reach behind" and shoot with the promptness and straightness of Mr. Garrett. The sheriff of an Irish county has more peaceable, though, under the circumstances, not less troublesome, duties to perform than the New Mexican hero, but as an inspector of Constabulary, or even a resident magistrate, Mr. Garrett would be invaluable. It is true that there is a certain uncivilized savour of private war about his conduct, but then that is the whole point of the present Irish struggle. The Irreconcilables in Parliament "disdain to ask for mercy" for the Kilmainham prisoners, and the Radical newspapers "do not blame them." That is to say, they assume the attitude of belligerents, not criminals. Now belligerents have no claim to warning or caution. They shoot each other where they find each other. That was the principle of the duello between Patrick A. Garrett and William the Kid, which was to all intents and purposes a repetition of the celebrated encounter in which Silas Fixings met his death. Belligerency of this kind, according to the Land League, apparently carries with it the rights appertaining to warfare of the older kind. You shoot and plunder non-combatants, levy contributions upon anybody you please, and generally live at free quarters, with the additional right to torture man and beast. Patrick Garrett, "the mainstay of law and order," "the chief reliance of the people in those dark days," as the enthusiastic editor of the *Santa Fé New Mexican* calls him, seems to be exactly the man for Galway. The Irish members would not like him, no doubt. They would use even worse language about him than they use about Mr. Clifford Lloyd (can anybody, by the way, explain why Irishmen, when they are loyal and well behaved, are as well-bred men as any in the world, should, when they are ill behaved and of doubtful loyalty, talk about "Clifford Lloyd," and "Beaconsfield," and "Salisbury," and in other ways ape the boorishness of Bowery rowdies?). They would worry Mr. Forster's life out about him, and bestow on him all the choice epithets that the dictionary could furnish and the Speaker allow. But, if he continued shooting steadily and with luck equal to that which attended him in his encounter with Billy the Kid, an extraordinary amelioration of the state of Ireland could not but follow at very little cost of blood. It is a mystery, second only to that just stated, and strongly confirmatory of copybook maxims, that Irishmen, who are the bravest of the brave on the field of battle, should be such astounding cowards in crime. So long as they can be ten to one, with every advantage of hedges, and masks, and police daunted by the orders of their superiors, and juries certain to find verdicts of Not Guilty, they will murder and outrage away merrily. But the first whiff of straight shooting makes lambs of them; and, except that Mr. O'Donovan Rossa and his friends promptly turn the gas down in the New York slums and sentence Mr. Gladstone as a murderer, there is no more said. If Mr. Patrick Garrett could be induced to come over for a single year, if only to give the Irish Constabulary some lessons, first in knowing a scoundrel when they see him and then in dealing with that scoundrel, he would be the very best message of peace that could possibly be sent to Ireland.

THE POLICE IN 1880.

IF nothing more is wanted from the police than that they should be generally useful to the law-abiding public in small matters and content with their service, Sir E. Henderson's Report on the force for last year is to be regarded as highly satisfactory. The public will readily acknowledge that the members of the corps are generally well behaved, and will learn with satisfaction that as nearly as possible 1,400, out of a total of 10,943 of all ranks, have been specially commended or rewarded for good service. Meanwhile the men themselves show that they are satisfied with their position. The number of resignations has sunk from 376 in 1876 to 154 in 1880 although the strength of the force has increased. The general level of conduct among the men has been steadily rising. Only 140 were

dismissed in 1880, which is the lowest number during the last ten years, and very little over half the number dismissed in 1879. The Director of Criminal Investigations, whose Report immediately follows Sir E. Henderson's, draws an equally attractive picture. He laments, indeed, with all his habitual felicity of style, "that such diversity of classification prevails in the several police forces of the kingdom, between whom honourable emulation may well prevail simultaneously with hearty co-operation." There might be some danger that these words should be taken as a discreet official confession that the greyhounds of the London police and the provincial constabulary do not course the criminal hare with that co-operation which would secure his capture; but Mr. Vincent Howard has guarded against any such interpretation. He dwells on the gratifying cordiality with which the London and the country police support one another, and the excellent results which follow in the capture of offenders. Equally satisfactory are the relations of the police of the Criminal Investigation Department and the general force, which "leave now nothing to be desired. The conduct of the officers has been excellent, and the hearty interest evinced by the superintendents of divisions in all the details of the various duties has produced the result that was anticipated, for 6,072 persons have been arrested by detective officers in 1880, against 4,862 in 1879, being an increase of 1,210; 2,390 inquiries, in which no arrest was required, were also made by the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department, being an excess of 324 over the previous year." Sir E. Henderson is equally emphatic as to the general efficiency of the force. He says, "15,103 apprehensions were effected, being an increase of 1,778, and 8,928 convictions were obtained against 6,961 in 1879, an increase of 1,927 convictions." There are, it is true, some figures of a less agreeable character. "The number of the principal offences was 25,368, against 23,234 in the previous year, an increase of 2,134 offences." But this may be partly due to the increased booty offered to "the dangerous classes." New streets and squares, covering an area of within a few yards of seventy miles, have been added to London within the last year, and consequently, as Sir E. Henderson somewhat tautologically says, "The Metropolis is spreading in all directions." An addition has indeed been made to the force of the police, but that is just enough to keep it abreast of crime. The two rival forces are keeping pace in their growth. The result of the Commissioners' survey of the year's activity is even more encouraging than that. "The total number of the principal indictable offences committed against property" is less than it was in 1879 by "268 serious offences." The general increase is due to minor offences, "and to the fact that all petty articles described by the losers as lost or stolen are now entered as petty larcenies." In short, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, and his Director of Criminal Investigations, are harmoniously of a mind that all is for the best in the best of all possible police forces.

All this has a very satisfactory look, but as it commonly happens, an examination of the appendices does not quite bear out the agreeable statements of the Report. As regards the general contentment of the men with their service, the reports of the District Superintendents do, indeed, bear Sir E. Henderson out. Yet, even in this matter they give proof of a feeling of discontent with some details which the Commissioner has not thought necessary to notice. The men of the second class are said to be ill satisfied with the delay and irregularity shown in giving them their promised increase of pay. The married men of the force consider themselves aggrieved with their lodgings, compared with which the single men's section houses are as "palaces," to adopt the expressive language of Mr. Dunlap, Superintendent of the C Division. But neither of these grievances seems to cause much active discontent, and the force, as a whole, appears to be well satisfied with its position. Whether the public has equal reason to be highly satisfied with the police is another question. We have no wish to dispute the real merits of the force, or underrate the difficulties put in their way in the discharge of their duty by the carelessness of the public they are employed to defend, or still more by the erratic benevolence of the Legislature. Occupiers of houses who leave them empty, or who go to bed with the drawing-room window open, have really very little right to blame the police if they are robbed. Still less sympathy is due to tradesmen who expose goods outside their shop-windows, as if for the express purpose of tempting passers-by of uncertain morals. Both of these forms of almost criminal carelessness appear to be on the increase. Another cause of loud complaint from the Superintendents are the new regulations for the treatment of persons arrested for drunkenness in the streets, and by which the police are required to permit them to depart in peace on their own recognizances as soon as they are sober. As was to be expected, the taking of these recognizances is a pure form—a mere farce. According to Mr. Dunlap, "old tipplers" and others who have reduced themselves to a condition "certainly not calling for the sympathy or consideration of any person," have already learnt the full beauty of the instructions, and are in the habit of using the police stations as places in which to sleep off their drink in safety and comparative luxury. Mr. Dunlap obviously does not understand the benevolent intention of these regulations, or see what an ennobling effect this appeal to the "tippler's" finer feeling will have on him.

But, after making every allowance for the police, there is enough in the returns attached to the present Report to call for a very serious discounting of Sir E. Henderson's optimistic representations.

It is very far from satisfactory to find an increase of 2,134 in the number of principal offences, a rise out of all proportion to the increase of population. What makes the increase particularly significant is that it has mainly taken place in the more serious crimes. In burglary and housebreaking the number of offences is 389 more than it was in 1879. There have been 91 more cases of breaking into shops and 24 more cases of robbery. Cases of horse-stealing have increased from 71 to 107—that is, more than 50 per cent.; and sheep-stealing in nearly the same proportion. The most serious increase of all is in the number of murders, which have risen from 9 in 1879 to 17 in 1880. In view of these figures it is hard for the mere outside public to appreciate Sir E. Henderson's obvious satisfaction in stating that the apprehensions effected have risen by 1,778 and the convictions obtained by 1,967, and on the face of it the decrease of 268 in serious offences against property seems almost incredible. A reference to Appendix No. 14 will explain the apparent contradiction and supply one more instance of the use of long lists of figures to the maker of reports who is master of the art of choosing judicious extracts. The increase both of apprehensions and convictions is found under the heading of such minor offences as "Larcenies from the Person," or by servants, and the smallest kinds of thefts. The decrease in crimes is mostly found under the heading of "Larceny by Servants," which accounts for 120 of them, and "Larceny from the Person," which supplies 97. In neither case is the decrease of a kind which can be attributed to the increased vigilance of the police. Servants are necessarily less under their control than any other class of the population, and if they steal less it is probably because they have grown more honest or are better satisfied with their wages. This is good news for householders; but we must demur to allowing the police to take the credit of it. As for "larcenies from the person," or, in simple unofficial language, pocket-picking, the decrease there may be naturally attributed to the greater care of the public who carry purses and watches. Change of fashion has probably more to do with it than Sir E. Henderson's subordinates. By a judicious use of the terms "principal indictable offences," "principal offences," "serious larcenies," and "serious offences," and by picking the figures for comparison, with judgment a report can be easily made to show increases and decreases in the proper places. An allowance, too, may be readily made for the fact that articles reported lost are entered as petty larcenies. But the disagreeable truth remains that there is an increase in the number of crimes; and, when an examination of the figures shows that the increase is greatest in the most serious, we find some difficulty in giving the complacent reception expected to Sir E. Henderson's easy statement that it is due to minor offences and losses. The mere increase in the number of crimes is sufficient to raise disagreeable doubts as to the efficiency of the police, and an analysis of the returns of convictions is calculated to strengthen them greatly. Sir E. Henderson dismisses the subject with a brief sentence of a most satisfactory appearance. "The percentage of convictions to crime in 1879 was 29.96, and in 1880 35.19." Here is an instance of the uses of a good round sum-total. The increase is wholly in the smaller offences. The 9 murders of 1879 led to 12 apprehensions and 7 convictions, while the 17 murders of 1880 resulted in 20 apprehensions and 7 convictions—the number obtained in 1879 for half the crimes. An exactly similar result is obtained by examining the article of burglary and housebreaking. Here we find that the 903 offences of 1879 led to 211 apprehensions and 162 convictions, while the 1,292 of 1880 led to only 206 apprehensions and 142 convictions. The fall-off is startling, and not the less that it is not from good to bad, but from bad to worse. An examination of the returns of other serious offences, such as "breaking into shops, horsestealing," &c., gives a similar result. In looking at these figures it is impossible not to find an unpleasant significance in Mr. Howard Vincent's complacent reference to the excess in 1880 of 324 inquiries, followed by no arrest, over the number of similar inquiries in 1879. Inquiries followed by no arrest of criminals, most of which mean a defeat of the guardians of the law by its enemies, are becoming a specialty of our Criminal Investigation Department. The conviction produced by reading this report and its instructive appendices is that our police are becoming a well-conducted body of men, who make themselves generally useful to the peaceful portion of the community, and are a terror to little boys and small thieves, but unhappily become daily more incapable of struggling with really formidable criminals. One detail of Sir E. Henderson's Report agreeably illustrates the anxious benevolence of our police administration. Ambulance classes have been established, which the members of the force attend with zeal and profit. This is satisfactory, as the number of persons suffering from accidents and assisted by the police has risen from 1,953 in 1876 to 2,486 in 1880, which figures are somewhat characteristically accompanied by a decrease in the number of convictions obtained for furious driving. It is satisfactory to know that a sudden illness is less likely to result in our being left to die in a police cell as drunk and incapable than it was a few years ago. Yet, after all, the first object of maintaining a police force is to suppress crime, and when we find the most serious offences increasing thirty and fifty per cent., we would sacrifice something even of the ambulance classes to secure a proportionate increase in the apprehensions and convictions.

THE MANNERS OF THE OMNIBUS.

AS with other things, so with the omnibus; there are not wanting those who lament the decay of ancient manners and customs. In the good old days, they say, when there was no "Daylight Route" underground, and when the only way of getting in and out of town was by omnibus, there existed a certain unwritten code of laws which regulated the bearing and behaviour of "insides" towards one another. These laws all aimed at one object—the promotion of the general comfort. For, as the omnibus was generally full, especially in the morning and evening, it was expected that there should be concessions in the matter of shoulders, unselfishness as to legs, which should be tucked under the seat, and suppression of elbows; also, the days of chivalry not yet being quite dead, it was incumbent on every man under the age of sixty to get out and go on the roof, regardless of east wind or rain, to make room for a lady; children were cheerfully received on strange knees; it was considered effeminate for young men to travel inside; the fatigues of the journey were lightened by friendly conversation; social distinctions, while in the "bus," were ignored; the City merchant of Mark Lane sat down beside the oilman of St. Mary Axe, and the chief clerk of the Audit Office every morning exchanged political views with his hatter. Once arrived at the journey's end, however, rank resumed its rights; outside the omnibus all were strangers, and each went separately to his own place. Then the conductor knew his passengers, and paid them due deference, with the compliments of the season; and men looked forward to meeting each other every day in this casual club, the entrance fee to which was only sixpence all the way. Many a life-long friendship was formed in an omnibus, and cemented by daily talks during long years of driving up and down the road. There is, we believe, a romantic legend of one such friendship attached to the Clapham Road. It relates how two old gentlemen who met each morning in the nine o'clock omnibus, and came home together each evening in that which leaves Gracechurch Street at five, conceived so deep an affection for one another, though they were ignorant each of the other's profession and name, that when one died, the other pined away and presently followed his friend, refusing to be comforted. It is a companion story, a pendant, to Mr. Weller's famous History of the Two Coachmen. Such friendships will be formed no more, because the new railways have destroyed the old gatherings in the omnibus and severed the old ties, while it would be absurd to expect new ones to be formed between Clapham Road and Cannon Street. The nervous rush, the banging of carriage doors, the shriek of the whistle, are a sorry exchange for the leisurely bumping, packed six of a side, over four miles of a roughish road, with companions all known by sight, if not by name, to each other.

Things have, indeed, greatly changed; the conductor has ceased to ask if any gentleman will get outside to oblige a lady—a rigid glare would be the sole response; should there be children, the selfishness of the parent is shown in his determination that they shall occupy the seats for which he pays, instead of the knees of passengers who would thus obtain admission; it is no longer considered effeminate to sit inside, and many young men are not ashamed of being habitual inside passengers. The manners of the Metropolitan have been introduced into the omnibus. Everybody, especially the young man, takes up as much room as he can, spreads himself, disregards the fact that his legs are only entitled to one-twelfth of the gangway, and squares his shoulders, which, in breadth, exceed one-sixth of the length. It is through the malign influence of this young man, too, that the conductor is so loth to stop; the young athlete takes his omnibus flying, and disdains to stop it when he alights; therefore elderly people and women are expected to do the same.

There are, however, some survivals of the old courtliness, so to speak, of omnibus manners. For instance, there is the man who, to quote the old, old jokelet, "omnibus horis sapit"—that is, knows the hours of the omnibus. He sits by the door, makes the driver start when the time is up, constitutes himself the protector of the ladies, tells them their fare, prods the conductor in a sensitive rib when a lady wants to get out, opens a conversation with his neighbours, as one opens a game of chess, by the usual well-known moves, is ready with his little well-thumbed pleasantries for the mother with her babies, and has his opinion on the topic of the day neatly formulated and handy for use. Above all, he maintains the good old fashion of open-handed, if ostentatious, honesty displayed in the return of change. The rule of every well-conducted omnibus is, as everybody knows, that change must be passed up from hand to hand, and that every hand *must be open*. An "inside" must be not only blameless, but free from suspicion, and by this method there is no possibility of the diminution of change by the way. The custom, which would seem to show a lack of confidence as between man and man, is said to have originated in an omnibus running from the suburb of Camberwell (though some say the Commercial Road) to the City in the early days of omnibuses. It happened one winter evening that the conductor sent up half-a-crown's worth of change—twopence having been deducted—to a lady at the far end. The money was passed on from hand to hand, but, in the end, a poor threepenny piece was all that reached the owner. The thing was hushed up for the credit of the suburb, and, indeed, the national mind was fully occupied at the time with the passing of the Reform Bill; but it was whispered from omnibus to omnibus and from road to road, until, to prevent the recur-

rence of so great a scandal, this method, which still survives, was invented.

The manners of the omnibus vary greatly with the time of the day. In the earliest runs the insides are shopmen, shopgirls, and workgirls. The men talk to each other, not about trade—a subject on which tradesmen are shy among each other—but about politics, on which they hold strong opinions, and are all for sweeping measures. One may reflect, while listening, that these men have had protection found for them without any effort on their part for so long, that they have come to regard law and order as the natural condition of things, so that it seems easy in their eyes to exterminate Communards, crush Socialists, trample out Nihilists, destroy Fenians, and imprison Land Leaguers. Nor does it occur to them that they themselves might have to turn out in order to do battle for the cause of order. The girls, for their part, do not talk to each other; the shopgirls wear kid gloves and are dressed in black; they may thus be distinguished from the workgirls, who are dressed in colours, and do not wear gloves except in cold weather. When they go home there is another difference observable between the shopgirls and the workgirls. For the former are in the evening as in the morning, quiet, calm, and presumably happy in their occupation. But the latter are exasperated; they sit together two by two, and with many an angry sniff, catching of the breath, and sharp snap of the lips, they loudly whisper to each other the story of their wrongs. They tell it dramatically and in the form of dialogue, the point of which is perhaps a little injured by the necessity, lamented by so many novelists, of putting in continually, "seeze," "seshee," and "sezi." How is it that women, who can all narrate their own wrongs with such wonderful dramatic force, have never written a single good play? And, to go back to the workgirls, what kind of occupation can that be, what kind of task-masters can theirs be, when this exasperation is the nightly result? Later on the City men crowd the omnibus; but they talk to each other no more; the old friendliness is gone. It may be remarked as a curious fact that the faces of City men are always gloomy in the morning, as if the prospects of the day were never anything but black. This may be but a temporary cloud due to the depression of the last few years, but the time goes on and the cloud does not seem to lift. The younger men, too, wear a depressed countenance. It is still, we may observe, a tradition with City clerks that their place is outside.

When the City contingent has been carried into town, the slack, but steady, business of the day begins. It is at this time that the observer of manners, especially of female manners, may make observations really scientific. There are few men in the omnibus between eleven and four. Those who are found there are of strange appearance; they are the local tradesmen, the builders, doctors, solicitors of the suburb who have business in town; their affairs are absorbing, and they take no notice whatever of their companions in the omnibus, though these be a bevy of hours going a-shopping. The seats during these hours are chiefly crowded with women—ladies and otherwise. There is the housewife, torn from her domestic duties by some special business which worries her; if you look furtively at her, you will find that her lips are moving; she is silently going through that drama of grievances of which the workgirl has already given us an example. There is the lady who may be called the Smiling Cockatoo, all brown curls, fat cheeks, and velvet hat, who is going to buy things in Regent Street; thirty years ago she was pretty; now, with her inane smile and her readiness to chatter with any one, she shows that she has always been silly. Beside her sit two pretty girls, who are going to buy music; they have black rolls in their hand; now and then they whisper each other, and one feels as if, could one know what they said, one would certainly be happier. There are the two women who sit at the end, and appraise every new comer, obviously reckoning up the cost of her dress piece by piece, and communicating the total to each other by an up-lifting of the eyebrows and a little sniff. Who are they, these women, and where do they come from? Have they husbands? Are there men who can love them? What are they like in the domestic circle, seeing they are so ill-bred, so rude, so incapable of common respect in public? To watch them gives one an uneasy feeling, a suspicion that in our very midst, next door to us, opposite us, in our own street, there dwell barbarians dressed in silk and sealskin, who live on the best, go everywhere, see everything, and have not learned the earliest lessons of civilization taught by *Doux Parler* and *Doux Penser*. There is the poor, pinched woman, not young, or beautiful, who is going to town to look for something. What is it she hopes to get? She may have a manuscript at a publisher's; the reader has probably sent it back with cruel and contemptuous words. She may have a picture, a painted plate, a worked anti-macassar; she may be going in hope of getting pupils; she looks as if fate were against her, and only disappointment would await her. There is the woman who treats the omnibus as if it were a four-wheeled cab, and lugs vast trunks with her, or a basket of washing, or a sack of potatoes. Then there are the women who talk. And really these are the most astonishing people of all. They engage in loud conversation the moment they get in; it is all about themselves, their relatives, and their friends, their likes and their dislikes. They talk with as much abandon as if they were alone in their own rooms; they talk as if the other people were only dummies; they talk as if their own affairs were the only things worthy of occupying the attention of a "being with a soul"; they never cease talking. There is therefore, one remarks, a stratum of society even in London in which everybody's private affairs are the only topic of

conversation. The astounding thing is to mark—most “insides” never listen, or mark, or take the least notice of their neighbours—how they drop into talk about things which are absolutely grotesque in their family character; things *tacenda*, say about Cousin Jane’s baby’s last complaint; things ludicrous, which seem to them serious; things painful; things almost incredible. For example, if one may quote such a thing and expect to be believed, we once in an omnibus met a couple who were thus conversing on family matters. They were apparently brother and sister or cousins, certainly not husband and wife. It was Sunday morning, and they were armed with what sailors call the “tools” for public worship. They sat one each side of the door, and they talked loudly and with great animation. And what they were trying to decide was nothing more or less—it was the sweet spring season—than the delicate question, which member of their interesting family was fonder of asparagus. They played with this remarkable topic, always at the top of their voices, from a hundred points of view; they adorned it with whatever of illustration, fancy, or descriptive faculty was at their command; they maintained the contest with vigour and with spirit; nor was it until they got down, at the doors of their conventicle, that temper began to be manifested. For just then the controversy, which threatened to become bitter, had been narrowed to the rival claims of Uncle Joseph and Aunt Eliza.

MR. WHYMPER’S ASCENTS IN THE ANDES.

IN the number of the *Alpine Journal* which has just appeared, Mr. Whympier continues the narrative of his expeditions among the Andes of Ecuador, and describes his ascent of one great mountain near the Equator, and of another on the Equator. His present contribution, like his previous ones to the same journal, is apparently a transcript from his diary, and it may be presumed that, at some future time, a full account of the whole journey will appear in an amplified form. At present, the narrative certainly does not err on the side of diffuseness. In his journal, Mr. Whympier is as chary of words as sensible mountaineers are when they are walking uphill. There are no picturesque descriptions, no sketches of native life, no accounts of the talk by the bivouac fire or of the minor incidents of travel. All is so compressed that within the limit of ten short pages Mr. Whympier is able to tell the story of an expedition into a country unknown to Englishmen, and of the ascent of two mighty peaks.

It must not be supposed, however, that because his record is curt, it is uninteresting. The region which he visited is a most remarkable one; and, if his story has the very unusual fault of being somewhat too brief, it is, nevertheless, well told. In a previous contribution he described how he reached Quito, and in that most disagreeable town found a thoroughly uncomfortable inn. The portion of diary now made public begins with his departure from Quito for the mountains close to the Equator. Regarding the country into which he was at this time about to advance, he was, as he laconically says, “completely in the dark,” and he could obtain no information about “routes, stopping places, or the possibility of procuring food.” The reader of his narrative will probably come to the conclusion that he could obtain no information because there were no routes, no inns, and but very little food. Primitive in the extreme does the district north of Quito appear to be; but it is not altogether wild, and, indeed, one institution which our present Government regards as a vile creation of the law seems to flourish in it. Property in land is recognized, and, indeed, the rights of owners extend beyond the limits of eternal snow. One gentleman, who behaved apparently with the greatest courtesy to Mr. Whympier, was the owner of a large part of the mountain Cayambe, 19,200 feet high, and of the whole of Sara-ureu, said to be 17,400 feet high. As the only occupants of this mountain are wild beasts who are rarely evicted, and practically enjoy absolute tenant-right, the landlord’s gains can hardly be large, but the mountain is his in fee-simple. Whether Mr. Whympier was wise in mentioning these rights of property may perhaps be doubted. The Swiss and Savoyards are generally thought to have exhausted every means of extorting money from strangers, but it would be terrible indeed if some land-owners were to come to the conclusion that they had rights above the snow-line. Members of the Alpine Club would have to pay heavy tolls or would find themselves “warned off” the Grand Plateau, the slopes of Monte Rosa, and the shoulder of the Matterhorn. Possibly, however, with well-established routes a dedication to the public might be proved.

At a farm belonging to the mountain owner Mr. Whympier put up on the second day after leaving Quito. Before reaching this place he had to pass the great *quebrada* or ravine of Guallabamba, of which he gives a drawing. Careful comparison of altitudes showed that it was 3,000 feet deep, but it is in very elevated country and the bottom is considerably higher than the top of the Rigi. From the farm which has been mentioned Mr. Whympier went to a neighbouring village and there made a strange discovery. He found that a sport which was formerly very popular in England, but is now decried and strictly forbidden, is loved beyond aught else in Northern Ecuador. The inhabitants of the village were engaged, he says, in the sport of cock-fighting, and it was difficult to get them to attend to anything else. The principal personage of the village promised aid, but “do what we would,” says Mr. Whympier, “the conversation

invariably bore round to cock-fighting. Every person,” he adds, “of the least pretension to respectability keeps a score or more of cocks.” The possession of these birds does, in fact, as much for a man in Ecuador as, according to the venerable saying, the possession of a horse and gig does for a man in England. Between people who cared only for cock-fighting and a gentleman whose one object was the ascent of high mountains there could hardly be much sympathy, and Mr. Whympier returned to the farm, where he received an encouraging message from the owner of Cayambe, and next day he met the owner, who took him to a higher and smaller farm, where he was accommodated with a heap of potatoes for a bed. Next morning he started with Señor Espinosa, the friendly proprietor, and the guides; but, unfortunately, there was too much individual liberty of action amongst the company. Jean Antoine Carrel, stretching ahead of everybody, was lost to sight. Mr. Whympier started after him, and got separated from the rest of the party, the result being that he found himself at sundown in a pathless valley, and, lying down in a thicket which had been used as a lair by wild cattle, passed an agreeable night in the rain. Shortly after this, however, good fortune came. Mr. Whympier planted his camp high up on the doomed mountain, and on April 4th he marched triumphantly to the top, where he had the pleasure of peering into the thick mist which seems usually to envelope a high summit in the Andes. Nature gave him a kindly hint, in the shape of a strong wind, not to dawdle at a place where fascinations were so great, and he leisurely descended, charmed, doubtless, with a most enjoyable day, and determined forthwith to attempt another mountain on which equal pleasures might be hoped for. Immediately after his ascent of Cayambe he sent off J. A. Carrel to explore a route to the mysterious Sara-ureu.

This mountain is situated nearly on the Equator; and, according to Mr. Whympier, scarcely anything is known about it in England. We doubt not that he is right; but it should be observed that this painful ignorance is by no means confined to England, as the Ecuadorians themselves seem to be but very little acquainted with the beauties of Sara-ureu. With the knowledge of it which, at the risk of his life, Mr. Whympier obtained, an inquiring public will, most likely, have to rest content, as it is very doubtful whether any explorer of the future will care to visit what is perhaps the most detestable mountain in the world. Sara-ureu is surrounded by a great dismal swamp, on which incessant rain appears to fall. The atmosphere is, as might be supposed, slightly malarious; and the probable results of a visit to this pleasant marsh are best shown by a fact which Mr. Whympier casually mentions. Some of his party, going in advance of the rest to deposit provisions, found a skull, which they brought back to camp. “I know that skull,” said an observant Indian who was with the explorers, “it belonged to a man who went out here searching for quinine bark; there were twenty of them altogether, and four came back. This one went to sleep, and did not wake again.” On the first march towards the mountains, however, things did not seem so unpromising. Carrel told Mr. Whympier that he had found “a regular palace, planted all round with trees,” and the traveller pressed on, doubtless full of hope, but only to find that the palace was a deserted Indian hut in the midst of a primeval forest. Beyond the primeval forest was an equally primeval bog. Exploring parties sent out by Mr. Whympier, who was for three days struck down by fever, described the country they had ventured into as a horrible swamp. Rain was falling; there were, they said, no paths, and no chance of finding anything to eat, though there was some chance of being eaten, as tracks of wild beasts were numerous. Not in the least daunted by these accounts, Mr. Whympier, as soon as he was well enough, marched straight into the swamp. At the point where he had to camp, the nature of the mud, he says, was such that if a man stood still he sank into it up to his knees. His followers constructed a bed for him by “cutting down the reeds, and crossing and recrossing them, piling them up until they no longer sank into the foul slime.” On the next day the explorers made their way with great difficulty through dense masses of huge reed, but succeeded at last in reaching a refuge at some mica slate rocks. As a general rule, mica slate is not a pleasant thing to sleep upon, but doubtless it seemed absolute luxury to the travellers after their night in the slime. Beyond this refuge they had again to make their way through the reeds, but struggling on resolutely they left them behind, and established a camp at a considerable height on the slopes of Sara-ureu; and after two days Mr. Whympier was so fortunate as to obtain a glimpse of the mountain he had come to ascend. On April 16th the rain lifted towards five in the evening, and the peak was visible. Its bearings were promptly taken with a theodolite, a sketch was made of it, and forthwith, as Mr. Whympier justly remarks, its doom was sealed. On the 17th he started with his guides, and marched straight up to the top of the mountain. Then, like the King of France, he marched down again, having seen nothing on the way up, and nothing, apparently, on the way down again; but the mountain of the Equator was vanquished, and the traveller and his followers returned without mishap to Cayambe, where the inhabitants rejoiced greatly at seeing them again, having thought, certainly not without reason, that they would never return from the dismal swamp. With his arrival at Cayambe Mr. Whympier’s narrative for the present ends.

The feeling which it will produce with most readers will, we believe, be one of instinctive admiration, and it would be hard to deny that the instinct is a healthy one. It is of course easy to

say that no object was served by ascending the Andes; that Mr. Whymper incurred great risk without any adequate reason; that mountaineering is an irrational and senseless pursuit. From one point of view, no doubt, it is; so is it a senseless and irrational thing to attempt to reach the North Pole or to accomplish the North-West passage, but, nevertheless, the many heroic efforts which have been made in the Arctic regions have kindled again and again an enthusiasm which no cold reasoning could abate. Mr. Whymper's explorations in the Andes were due to the spirit of adventure, to the love of overcoming difficulty, of encountering danger, which were formerly amongst the distinctive characteristics of Englishmen. Of late we have greatly declined in this respect. Englishmen fail in the Polar seas and talk a great deal, while men of other countries achieve much and say little; and not in Arctic travel alone are foreigners outstripping us. The exploits of such a man as Mr. Whymper are therefore likely to be doubly grateful to his countrymen. They recall the triumphs of other days, and they show that the old spirit is not yet quite dead. Some kinds of mountaineering are no doubt very silly, and occasionally a reckless disregard of great and obvious danger may lead to a terrible accident, such as has just happened on Monte Rosa; but, however much people may argue against mountain climbing as senseless, warm admiration will be felt for such a daring and indomitable traveller as Mr. Whymper; and in justification of this feeling we cannot do better than quote the eloquent words of Théophile Gautier, given by Mr. Freshfield in the number of the *Alpine Journal* which contains Mr. Whymper's narrative. Said the famous Frenchman, discoursing on Alpine ascents, an entirely novel subject in his hands:—"Quoique la raison y puisse objecter, cette lutte de l'homme avec la montagne est poétique et noble. La foule qui à l'instinct des grandes choses environne ces audacieux de respect et à la descente toujours leur fait une ovation. Ils sont la volonté protestant contre l'obstacle aveugle, et ils plantent sur l'inaccessible le drapeau de l'intelligence humaine."

A FORGOTTEN SATIRIST.

THERE is no more characteristic feature in the present time than the studious politeness of its polite literature. Rudeness in print draws down actions for libel, and puts its author out of court with British jurymen and British critics. Written discourses have either to go unpublished, or to be content with such desultory and imperfect circulation as can be compassed by the use of post-cards. Under such conditions as these, to read the "Works" of Dr. John Wolcot, otherwise Peter Pindar, Esq., is to have a novel and refreshing experience. They represent what may be called the Beef-and-Carrots or Pewter-and-Stingo style in letters, and exhibit the lusty vulgarity of a certain period in English history, political and social, with a fulness of flavour and a burlesque of aspect that are really incomparable. They suggest the dandies who were presently to fill with disdainful abhorrence the elegant soul of Pelham. According to that distinguished creature, these gilded youths were wont to "eat cheese by the hundred-weight," and drink porter by the firkin. They affected a taste for strong waters in their lowest and fiercest forms, and were often quite proficient in the picturesque and horrible variety of English known as "St. Giles's Greek." They practised the noble art of self-defence, and lived much with its professors. They fought cocks, drew badgers, played hazard, and generally "sporting their blunt" with great freedom and readiness. They called themselves Corinthians, and walked about in top-boots; and they seem to have had some difficulty in recognizing a jest that was not of uncommon breadth unless it were forced upon their sense of humour by means of italics. The age that fathered such buxom and full-blooded young heroes as these rufflers at the Fives Court and the Westminster Pit was a brutal and an unlettered age; and Wolcot was admirably qualified to make it sport and be its critic-in-ordinary. He was born to write libels and break scurrilous jests; and, having sown his poetical and romantic wild oats, and produced a tragedy called *The Fall of Portugal*, and a thin volume of amorous elegiacs, both of which are full of unconscious humour, he settled down religiously, if with occasional lapses into pure poetry, to the fulfilment of his destiny. He was a journalist in satire, a Rowlandson turned rhyming pamphleteer; and he wrote from day to day on whatever happened to be uppermost. It was all one to him if his subject were Tom Warton or Tom Paine, the execution of Louis Seize or a *niaiserie* of Farmer George's, Judge Buller's wig, or Perdita Robinson's fan. He made capital out of any and every thing; and, though he was in some degree contemporary with Scott and Byron, he was one of the best-read writers of his time.

He may be read without much difficulty even now, above all, if he be read, not in extracts, but as a whole; and it is easy enough to account for his popularity. He was a man of unquestionable parts. His mind was vivacious and acute as well as irreverent and coarse. He was undoubtedly scurrilous; but he had a turn for genuine satire, and was rich in what the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* was good enough to call "a species of humour." His wit was abundant, easy, and active, if it was often brutal and often trivial and cheap. He made as light of good grammar in his writings as of good manners and good taste; but he had a strong sense of form of a certain sort, and was the first English satirist who had initiative enough to discard the

heroic couplet and the Hudibrastic metre alike, and cast about for a manner of his own. He was always apt and voluble in his way, too; he was often forcible and daring; and he was sufficiently intelligent and well-informed to give an opinion on all manner of subjects. He knew enough of painting to prefer the beauties of Turner and Reynolds to the pompous feebleness of West and Louthborough; enough of music to resent the popularity of Handel to the exclusion of Bach and Gluck; enough of literature to despise the childish pedantry of Gough and John Nichols, the solemn dulness of Hannah More and Laureate Pye, the "classic tastelessness" of "glistening Hayley." It is no more wonderful that in his way he should have been an influence and a power than it is doubtful that, *mutatis mutandis*, a latter-day Wolcot would, in proportion, achieve almost as much success as the great original. It is not easy, under the changed conditions that are ours, to give an exact idea of the nature and quality of that success; but it seems certain that to the public of a hundred years since Wolcot was not only admired for his satirical power, but also regarded with great respect as a master of pure literature. He was, as Hazlitt wrote of him, "the bard in whom the nation and the king delighted." Not only did his squibs run through edition after edition while their interest was green and new; there was also a steady and a wide demand for his "Complete Works"—which included, not satires only, but a vast number of "odes," "elegies," songs, epigrams, ballads, and pastorals to boot—and of editions of them there are many. Children were reared "on Peter Pindar and the Bible," as in Scotland on the "Bible and Burns." The publisher of certain volumes of selections from the English poets, in which Wolcot was interested, after opining that the Doctor's "sportive use" of Pindar's name had probably "conferred a celebrity" upon it "far higher and more extensive than was given to it by the ancient bard of Thebes," remarks that his "own works display in almost every species of pure poetry examples of singular excellence," and that he "has left hardly one poetical phrase in the whole compass of English speech and composition that he has not transferred to his works"; and to the majority of his readers the claim could hardly have seemed extravagant. It must be owned that nowadays it is not easy to speak seriously of his serious verse, which is limp and dull and frigid even to absurdity. Oftentimes he is most amusing where he would be most impressive. It is odd, for instance, to hear the redoubtable railer indulging in statements like these:—

To hear mute Silence hushed the darkening vale,
The shaded warbler dropped her plaintive tune,
Intent, the pale-eyed ghost forgot to wail,
And stare despondence on the wandering moon;

or exclaiming that "The band of white-robed virgins let him join"; or endeavouring to persuade his mistress that her "deluding art"—the "lovely virgin" that she is—has "lodged a thousand scorpions in his heart." These extracts, it is true, are from the *Persian Love Elegies*, which were printed at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1773, and may be said to be in Peter's early manner; but, for all that, they are sufficiently representative. Too often does the Doctor's muse descend in strains that remind us of those in which the accomplished Lady Lyndon addressed her artless Barry:—

When Sol bedecks the mead with light
And pallid Cynthia sheds her ray,

and so forth. It is a different matter with his rhymes when their intention is avowedly comic. No doubt his laugh is often a horse-laugh and his fun mere intellectual horseplay; but they were good round knocks that he gave, and when he was happy in his subject—when he was talking of Sir Joseph Banks upon lobsters or of George III. upon apple-dumplings—he amused his audience tremendously. He wrote loosely and carelessly, and his raillery is not less incorrect in form than it is abundant in quantity, so that to "our Neo-Alexandrian taste," as it has been called, he is seldom interesting or admirable. Now and then he hits on an excellent line. His "No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin," is a little Gillray in words. But, as a rule, Wolcot is only humorous in the mass; as in the six books of *The Lousiad*, in the story of the pilgrim who "took the liberty to boil his peas"; in the sketch of the king at Whitbread's Brewery, which must be read, not for single verses and short passages, but as satiric wholes—just as one watches a "rally" in a pantomime, which, taken by instalments, a slap or a tumble at a time, seems witless enough, but which has only to be properly seen to be very funny indeed. To Wolcot's public no revelation had been vouchsafed of the mystery of sweetness and light; it knew not of verbal niceties nor exquisite workmanship, nor the delicacies and refinements of hostility; it was a heavy-feeding, hard-drinking, and hard-hitting public, ignorant alike of culture and of what Mr. Meredith calls the Fine Shades. And it enjoyed its Pindar mightily; it regarded him as its sworn champion, and cheered his swashing blow to the echo.

Of course the medal had its reverse. Wolcot appears to have been a man of tolerably easy virtue. Among his opponents he bore a very scandalous reputation; and he was not less bitterly hated and furiously abused on the one hand than he was widely read and heartily applauded on the other. Richard Polwhele (addressing him, first of all, as "Offspring of Momus") affirmed that "jaundiced Spleen" had borne him "Under the Manchineel's empoisoned bloom." He was variously saluted in plain prose as an "arrogant upstart," a "foul-mouthed rhymester," and a "fiend in human shape." To the gay young men of the *Anti-Jacobin* he

was indifferently a "monster," a "wholesale dealer in doggerel," the "rude assailant of his country," the "profligate reviler of his sovereign," the "impious blasphemer of his God." Gifford—"the asp, Gifford," as Mr. Swinburne, dubs him; it is odd that the term seems to come from a passage of Macaulay in which Wolcott is nearly as hardly used—his temper stung to more than ordinary virulence, called Tisiphone his "sister-fiend," and railed at him as "fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy," a "beastly profaner," a "brutal sot," a "wrinkled profligate," a "reptile," a "prodigy of drunkenness and lust," and so forth. "Come, then," wrote this master of violent English,

Come, then, all filth and venom as thou art,
Rage in thine eye and rancour in thine heart,
Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,
Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies;

and he went on to assure his readers that Wolcott must have been a ruffian from his infancy downwards, inasmuch as it was a well-known fact that "mangled insects" used to "strew his cradle o'er," while "limbs of birds distained his bib with gore"; with many more felicities of sentiment and imagination of a kindred order. In justice to the object of these amenities, it is to be noted that he has over his opposites the advantage of being humanely inclined and of showing a great deal of good humour. There is something about him that is very genial and very English. He comes forth and vociferates with the frank and jovial impudence of a brilliant bargee or an eloquent hackney coachman; he takes his drubbings in good part, and is equally ready to fight the quarrel over again and to shake hands on it and open upon some one else. His weapon is merely the national "bunch of fives," and he uses it with all the heartiness and good temper, and somewhat in the spirit, of one of the heroes of the ropes and stakes. He is, indeed, the Tom Cribb of English satire; just as Dryden is its Marlborough.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

IT would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the discovery, announced a fortnight ago, of thirty royal mummies in the "Gate of the Kings," near Thebes. Some details have since been published in the daily papers, and it is now possible to judge what revelations in Egyptian history are about to be made. Unfortunately, the apathy which is shown to all things Egyptian by English scholars, and the rarity among us of people able to read hieroglyphics, will throw upon other countries the duty and honour of making known to the world the historical facts which these newly found remains may be expected to give us. Our overworked officials at the British Museum are taken up with "Assyriology" rather than "Egyptology," these departments of knowledge being united, to the great detriment of both, in the only national institution in which such subjects are studied. Our Universities are content to leave such uninteresting and unimportant branches of learning to self-taught men, whose time should be devoted to arrangement rather than reading. The Egyptian collections in the British Museum are but half catalogued, and cannot be said to have any intelligible arrangement. The recent move to the old geological galleries has not led to any improvement in a condition of things to which we have already more than once called attention. But no improvement can be expected until the double labour indicated above is removed from the shoulders of the officials. It is unreasonable to expect of Dr. Birch and his very few assistants that they should at once perform the work of a University and of a Museum, and that, too, in subjects so widely apart and in themselves so recondate. To expect the same man to be equally well acquainted with cuneiform inscriptions, Egyptian art, early metal-work, and the detection of forged carvings, to say nothing of a general knowledge of the Coptic, Hittite, Accadian, and Hebrew languages and their cognates is manifestly absurd. We expect the guardians of our public collections to do not only the practical and partially mechanical work of their departments, but also to fulfil the duties of professors in a kind of unchartered university. It would not be easy to point to many of the learned teachers of our great academical bodies who have done work so generally interesting and important as that performed by the comparatively unlearned officials of our museums. A single name will serve to illustrate this point. We purposely avoid mention of living scholars in this direction; but the example of the late Mr. George Smith is only one among many which could be adduced to prove that it is not to the Universities that we must look for original research and useful as opposed to merely ornamental learning. There are, however, certain indications that one of the Universities, at least, in the person of an eminent Professor, is about to show some interest in Egypt, though few of us will, in all probability, live to see Chairs founded in England, as in all Continental countries, for the study of the arts and learning of the cradle of civilization.

Rumours have been current for some years as to the existence of a vast storehouse of antiquities amongst the rocks and caves of the Theban Mountains. Every one who has ascended the Nile as far as Luxor will remember the long narrow defile at the end of which the tombs of the kings are situated. Most people who have threaded the Bab el Malook will remember how short the distance seemed between its innermost recess and the Deir el Bahari on the other side of the mountain and facing towards the open plain. We climb over the summit of a narrow ridge, and have on our left

the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with its yawning tombs, and on our right, almost under our feet, the rock-cut temple of Queen Hatsasoo. It has long been suspected that within this ridge there was probably some great excavation—nay, among the travellers' tales of the last few years were to be heard stories of an untold treasure which might be revealed to any one who was armed first with a firman permitting him to search and with a very heavy sum for *backsheesh* in addition. It may be asked why, if this cavern was known to exist, the natives did not penetrate to it and bring forth something more valuable than the few strings of beads and such-like objects which have been offered to travellers for sale; but it must be remembered both that the Arab is extremely superstitious, and also that, even if he dared to penetrate into a cavern so full of *afreets* as this must have been, his mechanical appliances for removing great weights from a gallery two hundred feet long, and a secret passage leading to a pit thirty-five feet deep, would be utterly insufficient. Nevertheless, some one bolder than the rest seems last June to have made the venture. By this time the hordes of tourists had ceased to infest the Nile valley. The discovery was made too late for much profit to be got out of it; and Daoud Pasha, the Governor of the district, had his attention called to the abundance and cheapness of the objects with which the *antika* market was suddenly flooded. On inquiry the pit was pointed out to him; and, with commendable promptitude, he telegraphed for Herr Emil Brugsch, the assistant curator of the Boulak Museum. Every Egyptologist must envy Herr Brugsch for the good fortune which awaited him when he arrived in the Bab el Malook. The thirty mummies which he found were, as he could read at a glance, although he must have felt it difficult to believe his eyes, those of all the most illustrious monarchs of the most glorious epoch of Egyptian history. There lay, side by side, Queen Hatsasoo, King Thothmes III., and King Rameses II., the great Sesostris himself. Of kings of minor note were nearly all those of the Eighteenth Dynasty, together with the father and grandfather of Rameses, and his daughter, whose name, Mautnejem, is new to us. But here the reports may be in error, and the name be an unusual form of Maut-notem, the grandmother of Pinotem. The earliest mummy found is that of Raskenen, a king of that obscure dynasty which preceded the Eighteenth, and which is sometimes reckoned as the Thirteenth and sometimes as the Seventeenth. The latest body is that of Pinotem, the third king of the Twenty-first Dynasty, who reigned as nearly as possible a millennium B.C. In addition to the royal mummies, a multitude of objects bearing cartouches will throw great light upon the succession of these kings; and the tent of Pinotem, of leather, embroidered and coloured, and covered with hieroglyphics, cannot fail to clear up some historical difficulties as to the priest-kings of Thebes. It has been suggested that the mummy reported to be that of Thothmes III. is in reality that of the son of Pinotem, whose name, Ramen Keper, is the throne name or title of the great Eighteenth Dynasty monarch; but until all the inscriptions are read this must remain matter of doubt.

The significance of this remarkable discovery will be of a double character. We shall perhaps have our knowledge of a brilliant period greatly increased by the direct evidence of inscriptions and papyrus rolls. Moreover, there may be found some record of the circumstances which led to the concealment in one place of so many of the illustrious dead whose tombs had already been prepared for them in the Valley of the Kings. The coffin, for example, of King Seti I. is, as everybody knows, in the Sloane Museum, his tomb having been opened and explored by Belzoni. But his mummy is among those which Herr Brugsch has taken to Boulak. Of nearly all the other kings the sepulchres are also well known. How come they, then, to have been placed in this cavern? It is evident that it must have been soon after the close of the reign of Pinotem, and it is more than probable that some great and terrible disaster was impending when the priests of each deceased king—for every king was reckoned as a god—hurriedly took the precious bodies from their graves, where they lay too much exposed, and placed them in the secret cavern where they are now found. If we consult Dr. Brugsch and Canon Rawlinson as to the history of the time of Pinotem, we find a serious discrepancy between the two latest authorities. Dr. Brugsch's view seems to accord best with the circumstances revealed by his brother's discovery. He describes a great Assyrian attack upon Egypt which Canon Rawlinson cannot accept. Such an attack, coupled with the fact that we find Pinotem's successor on the throne soon after its supposed occurrence, might account for the concealment of these, the most precious of the royal remains of old Egypt. Reverting to the name of Raskenen, it cannot be but that the discovery of his body will throw some light upon that most interesting, but most obscure, period when the petty kings of the South commenced their struggles with the shepherd kings of the North, and when the first of a line of Pharaohs who knew not Joseph arose to drive out the foreigners. Perhaps we may even recover the full text of that precious fragment of papyrus which describes the beginning of the war between Raskenen of Thebes and Apophis the Hyksos king. We must not, however, be too sanguine as to the contents of the newly discovered rolls, as it is probable that they are all funeral, as no others were ordinarily buried with mummies. Still, a storehouse which contained a tent may well have contained some portions of a library—apart from mere "Books of the Dead." The reign of Queen Hatsasoo will receive fresh attention, and the recovery of her body—if indeed it is her body, and not that of one of the numerous princesses of her line who bore the same name—may enable us to form some conclusion as to the events

which placed her brother Thothmes III. upon the throne. In short, there is hardly any question respecting the great middle period of Egyptian history, including the Captivity and the Exodus of the Israelites, which may not receive its answer through this amazing discovery. It is, indeed, sad to think that we have in England no school of young hieroglyphical students whom we might send out to take part in the long and anxious labours of decipherment. There is much yet to be done in the translation and publication of the earlier records. The number of words of the Pyramid period still remaining unread is very great. But every discovery like the present increases our vocabulary; and though, so far, our adoption of an absurd system of transliteration, borrowed from the French, stands in the way, we must hope that before long English teachers may be found who can train a competent class of students in what is the most fascinating of all Oriental languages, and in some respects the easiest.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

SINCE we last wrote trade continues to improve slowly but steadily, so slowly, indeed, that not a few persons doubt the improvement; but the evidences establishing it are clear. In the first place, the Board of Trade Returns show for the first seven months of the current year an increase in the value of the exports of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. over those of the corresponding period of last year. It is to be borne in mind that last year the exports were greatly swollen by the extraordinary and temporary demand for steel and iron from the United States. That demand came so suddenly and was so large that it nearly doubled the price of iron, and consequently swelled disproportionately the value of the exports in the early months of last year. The demand fell away and with it prices, but still the value of the exports taken altogether this year exceed, as we have said, those of last year. It is plain, therefore, since the exports of steel and iron are so much less than the exports of other commodities must be very much larger. Another point not to be lost sight of is that prices generally have continued to fall since last year. The value, therefore, is not a fair measure of the exports. If we were to take quantities, we should see that the growth of the trade is very much larger than the increased value indicates. It is impossible, however, here to take the quantities. We could only do so by giving a list of all the several articles exported, and showing their quantities, which would occupy too much space and be too wearisome to our readers. Besides, it could not be done completely, for the quantities of many articles are not given at all. It may, however, be taken as certain that where the quantities are given the increase in quantities is larger than the increase in values. It follows, therefore, that the trade continues steadily to grow. It may be thought that the profits of trade are not so great; but this does not necessarily follow. The profits consist of the difference between the cost of an article to the exporter, and the price he receives for it; and, if the cost is low, he clearly is able to sell the article cheaply and yet to receive as large a profit upon his outlay as he would receive were the cost and the price considerably higher. Nor does it follow that the country generally suffers because of the low prices. It may be thought that when iron is sold at its present low price the country receives less for one of the elements of its wealth and prosperity than it would do if prices were at the level of the early part of last year; but that, again, does not follow. It is not the mere money price which is received for an article that measures the advantage to the country, but the amount of other goods which can be obtained by that price; and, if those other goods generally are relatively as cheap as iron is, the country does not suffer by selling at the low price. In fact, it is quite conceivable that the country may be receiving as large a return for its iron at present as it received in the inflation years 1872 and 1873, although prices then were so much higher than they are now, because the prices of all other commodities were equally high. To take another instance, if cotton imported from America or India, or wool imported from Australia, or silk from China or Japan, is relatively as cheap as the prices we receive for those articles when manufactured, the profit not only to the manufacturer but to the country generally must be highly remunerative. Low prices, therefore, are not necessarily unprofitable. They may or they may not be so; but they are not necessarily so, and we believe that, as a matter of fact, there is at present a fair profit upon the trade which the country is doing. Prices generally are low; both the prices which we pay for foreign goods and the prices which we receive from foreigners for our own goods, and, therefore, we believe the margin for profit to be fair.

Further evidence of the improvement in trade is afforded by the reports of the metropolitan banks. We find that of these, four have declared larger dividends than at this time last year, while all the others maintain the same dividends. Again, we find that the deposits had increased in the twelve months over 10 millions sterling, and that the loans and discounts increased over 20 millions sterling. It is quite clear from all this, both that the banks have done a very profitable business during the past half-year, and that trade generally is more active than it was in the first half of 1880. That the banks have done a more profitable business follows from the fact that four of them have, as we have said, distributed larger dividends than they did twelve months ago, although some of these

had increased their capitals in the meantime, and, therefore, had to earn a larger sum to pay even the same dividends. And that trade is more active follows from the fact that both the deposits and the loans and discounts have increased so largely. The increase in the deposits is evidence of savings. We do not, of course, mean to say that the whole increase represents savings; for when a bill is discounted or a loan advanced by a bank, the proceeds are entered to the account of the person for whom the bill is discounted, or who borrows the money, and takes the place of a deposit. But to a considerable extent the increase in the deposits does represent actual savings, and, therefore, bears out what we have just said respecting the fair profits earned upon the business done. Against the evidence afforded by the increase in the loans and discounts of the greater activity of trade it has been urged that the loans are made chiefly to the Stock Exchange. But, even if this were true, it would not much affect the position. We do not believe that it is true to the extent commonly asserted, for we make no doubt that a fair proportion of the loans and discounts were on account of legitimate trade. But, even if it were true to this extent, it is to be borne in mind that speculation is not altogether wild gambling. Solvent and well-managed banks do not lend money upon securities which are absolutely worthless; the securities are such as a careful bank manager believes to be worth the money, and a speculation in good securities of this class means that the securities are likely to earn larger dividends than they have been earning, and, consequently, are worth higher prices. In other words, it means that the industrial undertakings of the country, in the opinion of prudent people like careful bank managers, are earning more than they did some time ago, and are likely to continue to earn more. Granting, therefore, that speculation is wild and pushed too far, and that it is a dangerous kind of business to engage in, it still affords evidence that trade has improved and is improving. Still further evidence to the same effect is afforded by the railway reports. Although the railway dividends in general have been disappointing, the reports prove that trade is steadily improving. Take, for example, that of the London and North-Western Railway Company. This great railway serves the most important manufacturing and industrial districts of the United Kingdom, and therefore affords the best index as to the condition of the country. Now the report of the directors tells us that, owing to the exceptionally severe weather in the early part of the year, to the strike among the colliers in the Lancashire district, and to the falling off in the trade with Ireland, at one time the diminution in the receipts, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, was as much as 94,000*l.*; yet at the end of the half-year the receipts exceeded those of the first half of last year by 47,000*l.* In other words, so great has been the improvement in trade during the second three months of the first half of the year that, not only has the decrease in the receipts just mentioned been made up, but 47,000*l.* more has been earned; or during this three months 141,000*l.* more than in the corresponding three months of 1880 were earned by this line. A more striking proof could hardly be afforded of the marked change in the economic condition of the country that has occurred since the beginning of April. And that this marked improvement has taken place in the second half of the six months is of special importance. It shows that trade had then begun to improve, and went on improving to the end of June. That it has since continued to improve is clearly proved by the railway traffic returns. Thus, for the six weeks ending August 6 we find the increase in the receipts compared with the corresponding period of last year on seventeen principal railways of the United Kingdom exceed a quarter of a million sterling, of which 153,000*l.* was derived from goods. The increase in earnings in the corresponding period of last year over 1879 was very large, and here we see again very considerable increase upon 1880. The greater part of it, too, being from the carriage of goods, it follows, as we have said, that the improvement in trade which began with April has gone on steadily augmenting ever since, and is assuming larger proportions at present. There is no better evidence than the earnings of the railways of the condition of trade, for unless there was a demand for goods, they would not be moved about from one part of the country to another at considerable cost. This increase in the receipts from goods traffic is proof, therefore, that the volume of business being done is very large and is steadily augmenting.

One further piece of evidence of the improvement is afforded by the returns of the Bankers' Clearing House. For the eight weeks ended last Saturday there has been a decrease in the cheques and bills passed through the Clearing House only in a single week, while in the other seven weeks the increase has amounted to nearly 123½ millions sterling and for the eight weeks the net increase is fully 100 millions. Making what allowance we may for the part played in this increase by speculation, it is evident that the volume of business being done must be enormously large to account for such an immense increase in the short space of eight weeks. We might go on adding other proofs of our position from the Revenue receipts, trade reports and circulars, and other sources; but we have said enough to show that the growth of trade is steady and large, and that it is acquiring greater momentum as the year progresses. It is stimulated by the very low prices of all articles at present. It is a common experience that low prices stimulate consumption, and it is quite clear that consumption is at present being stimulated very greatly; more especially it is being stimulated at home. The home consumption would seem, from all the evidences before us, to be growing more

rapidly than even the foreign demand, although the foreign demand also is increasing, and, what is worth noting here, the foreign demand for iron and steel is decidedly increasing. For the first time for a great many months there has been an increase in the exports of iron and steel last July as compared with the preceding July, and all the trade reports and circulars are to the effect that the trade being done at present in manufactured iron is very large, and points to a rise before long in prices. In pig iron there is not the same evidence of improvement. The production is still larger than the consumption, though the production is not so much larger but that a very little increase in the consumption would absorb it, and would lead to a rise in prices. But in all branches of the finished iron trade there is a very large and steadily increasing business being done. If the harvest proves as good as is now expected; if the weather continues favourable, so that the corn is got in safely and in good condition; and if the minor crops also are fairly satisfactory, we may expect a very great improvement in trade before the end of the year. The agricultural depression has weighed upon the country for the last two years, and has prevented the revival in trade which began in September 1879 from proceeding as rapidly as was expected. If now the farmers were to find themselves in a better position, the effect would be magical. No doubt the present harvest is not good enough to compensate farmers for all their previous losses. The summary of the agricultural returns published this week shows that there is a falling off in the area under wheat, barley, and peas, and that there is also a decrease in cattle, sheep, and lambs. It is not possible, therefore, that the present harvest can recoup the farmers. It is further to be remembered that in many parts wheat is thin, the straw is short, and though the ear is good, and may be saved in good condition, yet there is much still to be desired for the farmers' sake. But undoubtedly the harvest is very much better than those of recent years. It will put the farmer in better courage, and will repair his credit with the country banks, the country banks themselves will recover courage, and altogether the effect upon the agricultural classes will be most beneficial. If so, the improvement in trade may be expected to be marked and rapid in the coming autumn. Very dear money, indeed, may check the improvement; but, for the reasons we have stated on various occasions lately, we do not expect very dear money. No doubt money will be higher in value than it has been for some years back, but it will not be so dear, we think, as to interfere with trade.

REVIEWS.

MR. SYMONDS'S LITERATURE OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

THESE two volumes complete the work of Mr. Symonds on the Italian Renaissance. In the *Age of the Despots* he discussed the political, in the *Revival of Learning* the scholastic, and in the *Fine Arts* the artistic life of the period. To each of the earlier treatises one volume only was devoted. The literature of the age, in which the character and spirit of the people find their fullest and most varied expression, is discussed more exhaustively. The two volumes give the completest account of the subject yet published in English; and they include, besides what belongs strictly to the period of the Renaissance, introductory chapters of great interest, tracing the earlier growth of the Italian language and literature. Of the whole series they form probably the most practically useful part, and give, in a condensed and attractive form, information which has been gathered from the most multifarious sources, and, what is of great value, the latest results of native Italian criticism and research. The general principles according to which the Renaissance is to be judged and investigated are so clearly fixed that it would be no compliment to the soundness of an author's judgment to say that he had offered an original view of the period; but whatever a wide and intimate acquaintance both with the literature itself and with the labours of other scholars in the same field can produce is here offered to the English reader. Like all that Mr. Symonds writes, these volumes are remarkably pleasant reading; and though there are in them some linguistic singularities, to which we shall presently call attention, the exuberance of style which characterizes some of his earlier writings has here been considerably, and with great advantage, tempered and chastened. It may be added that the practical usefulness of the work has been increased by a copious index to these and the preceding volumes.

The first chapter traces the earlier and less known influences which shaped the beginnings of Italian literature, and, in particular, the influence of French poetry and legends, and of the cosmopolitan Court of the Emperor Frederick II. in Sicily. The persistence throughout the greater part of the Peninsula, as compared with other parts of the Roman Empire, of the old civilization, and the absence of feudalism and of an overpowering aristocratic caste, furnished to Italian literature a ground at once popular and historic to start from; and foreign ideas and examples served only, at this earlier period, to suggest the first steps to the native Italian genius. In Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio—the triumvirate of

the period which followed—this genius appears in its full originality, strength, and independence, borrowing from sources outside itself no more than is inevitable with all literature, and stamping whatever it borrows with its own spirit and character. The lifetime of the three leaders of Italian literature marks the first period treated by Mr. Symonds. The next is the period of the scholars, in which the re-discovery of classical, and particularly of Latin, models suspended for a time the cultivation of a native literature. But here it is to be remarked that it was by no means a foreign influence which led the men of that period to ignore or despise the capacities of their own language. In preferring Latin to Italian they were only conscious of preferring a past rich in a great literature, and associated with great historical memories, to a present which, because seen without illusion, is always apt to be unfairly disregarded. It must further be borne in mind that humanism furnished a common ground on which men from all parts of Italy could meet, and embraced numbers of persons to whom the Tuscan language and spirit were, if not foreign, still about as much so as the newly-found classical literature which was drawing all Italy after it. Further, the influence of a new spirit, different from all that the men of that age had hitherto known, opening fresh avenues of thought and action, and tending to emancipate men from the thralldom of a Church which the Italians have always seen at its worst, so engaged the interest and enthusiasm of the intelligent classes that, even had they been able to do their own literature justice, they could not but have neglected it for a season to enjoy the new world which was disclosed to them. After a while, however, when classical literature became familiar to them, and had lost the charm of surprise, the balance was redressed, and the language of the people was once more brought back to honour. The second, or humanistic period, with its exclusive devotion to classical models, thus led the way to the third period, in which the Italian genius, trained and developed afresh by long and intimate study of the models of antiquity, turned again to native sources. The greatest name of this third period, which dates from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the Counter-Reformation, is that of Ariosto.

The subjects discussed in these volumes are so manifold that it is impossible within the limits assigned to us to do more than touch briefly on a very few of them. They appear to us to be treated, for the most part, with excellent judgment. In particular we would call attention to the admirable chapter on the *Orlando Furioso* and the no less interesting chapter on Pietro Aretino. With nearly all that is said on the subject of Ariosto's great poem we can fully concur, or, at all events, with nearly all that is said on the subject of Ariosto himself. We should be inclined, however, to mark more strongly the contrast between the genius of Ariosto and the effect which the *Orlando* produces on the reader. From gifts like those of Ariosto, from his wonderful breadth and power, from his admirable sense of style, from his perfect mastery of the material he handles, something more might be demanded than what he actually gives us. This sense of inadequacy between the poem and the poet strikes us when we read the *Orlando Furioso* consecutively and as a whole. When we dip into it, when we read it occasionally, canto by canto, few poems can be more charming or impress us with a stronger sense of the high gifts of the writer. But when we sit down to read it through, and at the end try to give ourselves an account of the effect it produces on us, we are forced to admit that the total impression is far below what the first impression had led us to expect. And this is not due to a falling off in the merit of the execution, but rather from the sense that the poet has after all been engaged on a task that is beneath him, or at least that does not offer full scope for his power. The *Orlando*, to say the honest truth, is dull when we attempt to read it as we read other poems; it is fascinating when we read it bit by bit. It seems trivial and frivolous when we reflect that it is the poetical master-work of so great a man and so great an age. The writer is in earnest with his style and form, but not with his subject. There are plenty of passages in Ariosto full of dignity and tragic power; but they are scattered about here and there in his poem. The ground-tone of it is graceful irony; and this tone, though charming here and there, as the break or enlivenment to a more serious strain, becomes itself tiresome when it is protracted through forty or fifty thousand lines of poetry. Not only does the *Orlando* gain greatly by being read piecemeal, but it must have gained still more by being recited, as was commonly a custom at that period, canto by canto. There is much in it which would be greatly enhanced by skilful and dramatic recitation. It contains few or none of the countless passages in Dante and Shakespeare which have to be taken to heart and dwelt on before they can be truly apprehended. It aims at a momentary effect; and this effect is experienced by a listener more easily than by a reader. We have only to try the experiment with a few stanzas delivered by a good reciter to perceive the force of this contrast. There is little in Ariosto to feed on or to muse on. And yet, so great is his power, that we cannot help demanding from him that which he is unable to give. More than almost any other poet, he makes us quarrel with what is good because it is not better. In his case, as Mr. Symonds truly says, we must bear in mind the influence which at this period painting had on poetry, and which caused it to assume a pictorial and external character, to the neglect of the deeper elements of thought and feeling which are peculiarly its province. There are other reasons also why a great poet could not then find the atmosphere needed for the best poetic work—the absence of any genuine national and political life; the pre-

* *Renaissance in Italy; Italian Literature.* By John Addington Symonds. In Two Parts. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

vailing tendency, so fatal to literature itself, to take nothing seriously but literary or artistic interests; and a moral and social corruption so deep and widespread as to drive every thinking man to be either a cynic or a prophet of retribution.

There are few chapters in Mr. Symonds's work which may not be read with interest and advantage, especially those in which he deals with the purely literary aspect of the age. Many, however, of his general or philosophical reflections seem strangely superficial and unsound. "Nature," says the writer, summarizing the teaching of Valla, "nature can do nothing wrong; and that must be wrong which violates nature. It is man's duty, by interrogation of nature, to discover the laws of his own being and to obey these. In other words, Valla, though in no sense a man of science, proclaims the fundamental principle of science, and inaugurates a new criterion of ethics." In a note to this passage what Valla means by following nature is explained to be simply obeying sensual appetite. Now, in the first place, there is nothing whatever new in Valla's unabashed assertion of hedonism; it is as old as the human race, and it is daily exemplified by the beasts that perish. And in the next place it is in no sense a criterion of ethics, for all ethical systems worth consideration, even those which make pleasure the end of human action, insist on the subordination of temporary or personal pleasure to the permanent good of the individual or of the world at large. A more barren formula than "Follow Nature" was never invented; we all agree to it, but all differ as to what nature is, and how she is to be followed. But probably Mr. Symonds's remark is to be taken as rather rhetorical than as expressing his real opinion. With the English of the book we must again find fault; "resume" in the sense of "to sum up" as in the French *résumer*, "banality," a "back thought" for an *arrière pensée*, "civility" for civilization, and the like, cannot be regarded as improvements on the plain English to which we are accustomed, or as exemplifications of Cæsar's maxim to avoid an out-of-the-way word as we would a rock. One more remark it is necessary to make. Mr. Symonds protests, and with perfect justice, against the view that an analysis of the literature or manners of the Renaissance implies any desire to hold up the corruption which marks both as something to be imitated or as something even venial. Such a charge, if it has been ever made, needs no refutation. But there is another question, and that is how far it is desirable, in a work intended for general circulation, to give a minute account of customs and of writings which it is painful to dwell on, so profound is the heartless corruption which they reveal. The question is one of degree, and must be settled in his own way by each individual writer. A great age cannot be excluded from historical criticism because of the turpitude which marks it. In the Renaissance especially we find this union of what is noblest and most attractive with what is vilest and most hateful; and it is impossible to study the one without being forced to consider the other along with it. But it is to be regretted that the iniquities of the period should receive fuller illustration than is required for the purposes of impartial history; and, if the charge referred to above has been made against those who have written on the Renaissance, it is probably because this limit has not always been strictly observed.

MADAME DELPHINE.*

IN this remarkable story an American novelist, who has already achieved a reputation in his native country, for the first time brings his name before the English public. As the author of a collection called *Old Creole Days*, and of an interesting novel entitled *The Grandisseries*, Mr. Cable has already shown himself to be master of a new field in fiction—namely, the curious Creole and Quadroon population of the city and environs of New Orleans. In *Madame Delphine* he takes a series of idyllic scenes from the same unexhausted source, and delights us with pictures of a strange, old-world, timid civilization of which it is safe to say that English readers know nothing. Those who have read the *Grandisseries* must not expect to find in *Madame Delphine* any situation so tragically pathetic as the death of the old, indomitable African king; in his latest story Mr. Cable has given himself up to the warmth and perfume of the tropical city, to the romance rather than to the tragedy of its population, and to the pathos of its divided races. At the same time, a certain dimness of style that gave a hazy effect to some of the pages of the earlier novel gives place in *Madame Delphine* to a more incisive and exact manner of writing. It should be said at once that Mr. Cable writes exceedingly well, with a rich and musical prose that suits his subject; his fault as a stylist is that he introduces too incessantly a profusion of ingenious detail, and is not content to let enough simplicity divide his "purple patches" from one another. But this severity is "what Nature never gives the young," and its absence is not to be very sternly reprimanded in the present dearth of novelists who take any thought whatever about their style.

It will give at once an idea of Mr. Cable's manner of writing, and of the scene to which he introduces us, if we quote from his pages a description of that part of New Orleans in which, some sixty years ago, the incidents related in *Madame Delphine* took place:—

You find yourself in a region of architectural decrepitude, where an

ancient and foreign-seeming domestic life, in second stories, overhangs the ruins of a former commercial prosperity, and upon everything has settled down a long sabbath of decay. The vehicles in the street are few in number, and are merely passing through; the stores are shrunken into shops; you see here and there, like a patch of bright mould, the stall of that significant fungus, the Chinaman. Many great doors are shut and clamped, and grown grey with cobweb; many street-windows are nailed up; half the balconies are begrimed and rust-eaten, and many of the humid arches and alleys which characterize the older Franco-Spanish piles of stuccoed brick betray a squalor almost Oriental.

Yet beauty lingers here. To say nothing of the picturesque, sometimes you get sight of comfort, sometimes of opulence, through the unlatched wicket in some *porte-cochère*—red painted brick pavement, foliage of dark palm or pale banana, marble or granite masonry, and blooming parterres; or through a chink between some pair of heavy batten window-shutters, opened with an almost reptile wariness, your eye gets a glimpse of lace and brocade upholstery, silver and bronze, and much similar rich antiquity.

In the midst of this moss-grown suburb, a low brick house in the middle of a square preserves a close and discreet aspect which is noticeable even in so retired a neighbourhood; sixty years ago the wall of this house enclosed an ill-kept, shapeless garden, full of untrimmed roses and tangled vines, where, in the walks of pounded shell, the coco-grass and the crab-grass had successfully asserted their right to exist. The little house itself was muffled in jasmine and crape-myrtle, and deeply overshadowed by branching orange-trees, the whole forming an odorous and umbrageous retreat in the midst of the tropical city. And in this sequestered place lived Mme. Delphine Carraze, a little quadroon woman with faded eyes. In those days there existed in New Orleans a class which had sprung up between the Creoles and the negroes, and which belonged to neither. This was the free quadroon caste, a race illustrious for the extreme beauty and grace of the women, often almost absolutely white, with massive regular features, lustrous eyes and hair, and manners of the most bewitching grace and refinement. Yet, by the whim of that cruel law which forbade marriage with a white man until the ninth departure from the negro had been reached, these lovely quadroons and still lovelier octoroons were unable to form any legitimate attachments with men scarcely their equals in social standing. Out of this evil state of legislation there arose a condition of things which encouraged a universal laxity of manners, and which entailed, at the best, shame and embarrassment on the next generation. Mme. Delphine was euphemistically called the widow of an American with whom she had long lived happily in this house of perfumes and shadows; but he had been dead nearly twenty years, and she was still living on the property which, in defiance of the law, he had left her. Their one child had been brought up in the North by his mother and sisters; but, after being separated for sixteen years, the mother's heart had yearned for her daughter, and Olive was now on her way back to New Orleans to live with Mme. Delphine.

We are next introduced to a quartette of very oddly-assorted friends. Père Jerome, a little fat priest; Evariste Varrillat, a doctor; and Jean Thompson, an attorney, are characters which Mr. Cable draws rapidly, but with a firm hand. These three are united in adoring and in lamenting a fourth, who should complete their number, but who has unfortunately adopted the profession of pirate and smuggler, and upon whose head the American Government has set a price. This is Capitaine Ursin Lemaitre, a weather-beaten young man of thirty, with noticeable eyes, who has been trained, rather against his nature, to remember "that none of your family line ever kept the laws of any Government or creed." He is doing a brisk, but highly illegal, trade between Cuba and Louisiana, darting occasionally over to New Orleans with the spoils he has taken along the northern coasts of the Antilles. It greatly shocks and grieves Père Jerome that his Ursin, who is the very pink of courtesy and gallantry, should have taken to such a life, but he cannot persuade the other two friends to see anything but a rare good joke in the whole matter. At last a wonderful story reaches the Creole suburb—namely, that a ship sailing from the North to New Orleans was boarded by pirates, and would have been ransacked, had not a beautiful girl stepped up to the captain, with a missal in her hand, and, pointing to the Apostles' Creed, commanded him to read it. Upon which he drew off his men, and left the vessel to make her way to New Orleans unmolested. This story creates a great sensation, and there is much speculation as to who this freebooter can be who was so suddenly converted by a passage in a missal. Varrillat and Thompson guess that it is their friend Lemaitre, and decide that he must have fallen in love with the beautiful heroine of the adventure. But the simple-hearted little priest will not hear of this worldly interpretation, and determines, on the other hand, to make this edifying circumstance the theme of his next sermon in the cathedral.

Among his auditors are Mme. Delphine and her lovely daughter, lately arrived from the North, and also, as the reader gradually perceives, the pirate himself. But something in the audience, a face or a movement, suddenly changes the current of the dear little priest's mind, and just as he is coming to the point of his story, and about to tell how the missal in the hands of a beautiful girl converted that desperate freebooter, he falters and stops, turning the anecdote into a less personal tale of how the fine order and exquisite appropriateness of nature so affected the pirate's mind in solitude, he being himself a very orderly person, that he determined to quit a mode of life so contrary to the design of nature. The audience is perhaps a little disappointed, but edified upon the whole, and Mme. Delphine is so much touched by the benevolent air of Père Jerome, that she determines to make him her

* *Madame Delphine: a Novelle; and other Tales.* By George W. Cable. London: Warne & Co.

confessor, and obtain his help and counsel in the terrible responsibility of her newly found daughter. Meanwhile Capitaine Ursin Lemaitre has not been miraculously converted by the missal, but he has fallen hopelessly in love with the girl who presented it to him, and in order to find her out he has given up his ship, said farewell to his men, and come back to live at New Orleans. But to do this is to endanger his head, and he is obliged, therefore, to adopt a disguise. He opens a bank in the Rue Toulouse, under the name of Vignevielle, it being known only to his three friends that the banker Vignevielle is one and the same man with their old comrade Ursin Lemaitre. But neither Varrillat nor Thompson suspects for a moment that the returned prodigal is in love, and if Jerome guesses it, it is more by an intuition than anything else; for Vignevielle, who used to be so frank, has become excessively reserved, neglects his business markedly, even for a Creole, and spends so much of his time wandering around the city, and peeping into windows and doorways, that he gradually gets a reputation for being crazed. Of course it is the beautiful octoroon for whom he is searching, but she is so carefully hidden in the shadows of that discreet garden full of orange-trees and crape-myrtle, that he never catches a glimpse of her. At last, one moonlight night, in a scene which is the gem of the book, and described with an exquisite charm of style, he pushes a gate open in his usual way, glancing and searching, and there, listening to the mocking-bird, with her face lit up by the moonlight against the rich darkness of the orange-tree, is the girl that he has been looking for so long, and he learns, what the reader has long ago found out, that it was Mme. Delphine's daughter Olive who faced him on the ship.

It would not be fair to Mr. Cable to tell the plot any further. How the hero contrives to become acquainted with Mme. Delphine, how the unsurmountable barrier between him and Olive is honourably removed, how roughly the course of their true love runs, and what a sublime sacrifice is made at the last by poor old Mme. Delphine, for all this we must recommend the reader to the pages of the novel itself. He is not likely to put the book down until he has finished it.

We think that a novelist's quality is often best shown in his conduct of a short story. *Madame Delphine* is followed by three tales, which really form part of the same study of old Creole life. The first of these, *Belles Demoiselles Plantation*, would be more striking if the reader were not irresistibly reminded by its conclusion of Edgar Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*. It might very well have been written by a man who had never read the earlier story, but for readers of Poe the similarity destroys the necessary shudder of surprise. *Madame Delicieuse*, on the other hand, is one of Mr. Cable's perfectly original pictures of the glittering, lazy, graceful life of the Creole population in its old palmy days. But we recommend any one who is still unconvinced that in Mr. Cable we have gained a novelist with new powers and of brilliant promise to read the last story, *Posson Jones*: we have every confidence in the result. For, unless we are greatly mistaken, he will recognize in the treatment of this short tale a skill in depicting riotous Southern masses of people, in full sunlight, moved by sudden passion to the exercise of whimsical and cruel revenge, combined with a sense of the gentleness and placability which make these races a paradox to Northerners, such as no writer of modern times, except Flaubert, has displayed. The destruction of the circus, and the horrible game played with the tiger and the buffalo, in this story of *Posson Jones*, may be recommended as certain to give the jaded reader that *frisson nouveau* of which he is so much in need. We must add a word on the dialect which Mr. Cable uses. It is new, and must be learned; but it is simple, and easy to learn. It is merely an alternation of French corrupted by English, and English directly translated from French; a soft and languid speech, invented by the easy Creole for his needs.

COLVIN'S LANDOR.*

"NOT to know," writes Professor Colvin on the first page of this little volume on Landor, "not to know what is to be known of so remarkable a man is evidently to be a loser." Not to know what is to be known of all remarkable men is, no doubt, to be a loser, but the loss is one to which the wise will oftentimes submit patiently. The amount of knowledge that can be gathered by even the most unwearying student is small indeed. Some choice must be made in picking up the pebbles and the shells on the shore that is washed by the great ocean of truth. Of many great men—of most great men—we must contentedly remain in profound ignorance. For among the famous dead it is not acquaintances, but friends, that we should seek. We should know a few well, and let the rest pass by us, honoured, indeed, on the report of others, but not loved for that worth which we have ourselves tried, and tried thoroughly. If we have the command of a good library, it is no levée of an American President that we should hold. We should not summon a throng to pass before us so rapidly as to allow ourselves scarce time to learn each man's name and to give him a hasty shake of the hand. We read for our own instruction and for our own pleasure. In the midst of our books, if anywhere, we should lay aside all

hypocrisy, all pretence of knowledge without the reality, and taught by them should, without the least feeling of shame, own not only to others, but still more to ourselves, how little it is that we know and how much there is to be known. Let us often say, as young Isaac Newton, in Landor's Dialogue, said to his friend and tutor, "I am slow, and there are many parts of ordinary learning yet unattained by me." We cannot but fear, however, that these handbooks and manuals of literature and men of letters, which are springing up as fast as September mushrooms after warm showers, are a sign that there is at present in a high degree a restless desire for the appearance of knowledge, while there is but an infirmity of purpose for attaining its reality. The source of the evil may likely enough be found in the modern system of examinations, which in its deadening effects on genius is, we verily believe, only second to the Goddess Dulness herself. Examinations beget handbooks, and handbooks beget both ignorance and conceit, which in their turn, uniting in marriage, bring forth more handbooks.

In thus passing a sweeping sentence on manuals of literature in general, we ought, perhaps, to except those which are written by men of ability, who are masters of the subject which they have taken in hand. Their works may serve either as an introduction to those who intend to study an author, or as a critical review to those who are already familiar with him. When, however, as too frequently happens, the attempt is made to combine these two kinds of writing, the result must almost certainly be a failure more or less complete. Passages which may be instructive to the ignorant are wearisome beyond measure to the student, while in the criticisms and the summing-up in which he takes an interest his fellow-readers must find themselves out of their depth. In the work before us, for instance, Professor Colvin keeps, as it were, one eye fixed on the lowest form and the other on the highest in the daring attempt to teach both at the same time. While he instructs those at the bottom of the school, those at the top will first begin to yawn, and then fall asleep; while, if he bestows on these too much of his time, the others will take to playing, or will give their master the slip altogether. Take, for instance, the following account that he gives of the third volume of the *Imaginary Conversations* :—

Landor's materials for his third volume comprised no less than twenty dialogues, including one very long, rambling, and heterogeneous, between the Duc de Richelieu, a vulgar Irish woman of title, a general also Irish, and a virtuous English schoolmaster turned sailor. With this were associated some of Landor's best brief dialogues of character and passion, notably the Roman two of Marcellus with Hannibal and Tiberius with Vipsania; several of his monumental satires against tyranny and superstition, including the terrible dialogue of Peter the Great with his son Alexis, and the playful one of Bossuet and the Duchesse de Fontanges, a discussion between Rousseau and Malesherbes, which is one of the best of the modern meditative class, &c.

Now we put it to any fair reader, however evidently a loser, to quote again the Professor's words, it may be, not to know what is to be known of so remarkable a man as Landor, is the knowledge increased, and the loss so far lessened, by passages such as the one we have just quoted? If we came across a student who had never seen a copy of Shakespeare, should we do him any good by telling him that the book comprised no less than thirty-seven plays, including one—very long, rambling, and heterogeneous—between a wicked King of Denmark, a mad Prince, a young lady, also mad, and a virtuous King turned ghost; while with this were associated some of Shakespeare's best dialogues of character and passion, notably the Italian two of Antony with Cleopatra and Romeo with Juliet? Should we even give him any analysis of the various plots, any account of Shakespeare's life, or any criticisms of his writing? We should simply place in his hand the plays and bid him read them, telling him that, if he were to know all that had been written about Shakespeare from the Elizabethan age to the present time, and yet had never read him, he would be more ignorant of the poet than a man who knew only a single play and had never even so much as heard that there were any commentators at all. In like manner, if Landor is to be known as a writer, he can only be known by those who will take the trouble to read him. There is no popular path to that great and strikingly original genius. Each man must beat his own way as he strives to follow him. "He walked along the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering," writes Professor Colvin, quoting his hero's fine saying, "and to the far eastern uplands," as he goes on most justly to maintain, "those who would walk with him must brace themselves to mount." But then let them begin the ascent not by going into a panorama or peeping into a camera obscura, but by that side of the mountain where it will be easiest to climb. Let them take the shorter dialogues, let them read them and not read about them. Tiberius and Vipsania, Marcellus and Hannibal, Metellus and Marius, taken together are far shorter than many a speech made on the Irish Land Bill. Let them next take a longer dialogue, choosing one in which the characters are men in whom they have a strong interest, or with whose writings they are familiar. They will soon find out whether they are "true Landorians," to use Professor Colvin's words, "who may at present," he says, somewhat rashly perhaps, "be counted on the fingers." If they are not interested, if they cannot see in Landor the greatness which others find, let them not be discouraged. Let them neither come to a hasty judgment, nor feign an enthusiasm which they do not feel. Let them remember how he of all men most scorned affectation, and how he would in a fury have thrust out of his house a worshipper whose insincerity he had detected. Let them wait a few years.

* Landor. By Sidney Colvin, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

A liking for him may come with time, for he writes for "the full man" who is made and made only by reading.

Professor Colvin says that "a selection or golden treasury of Lander's shorter dramatic dialogues . . . would be, as was said long ago by Julius Hare, one of the most beautiful books in the language, that is to say in the world." Against such a selection not a voice could be raised; for it would no more be incomplete than a chance volume of Shakespeare's plays. Each dialogue stands by itself, and suffers nothing by being removed from its neighbour. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that they all suffer by the artificial arrangement of the latest editions, in much the same way as Wordsworth's poems suffer by their classifications. But when the Professor goes on to suggest that from the longer dialogues a selection for popular use might, perhaps, be made "on the principle adopted by Mr. Hilliard—a selection, that is, of detached sentences and sayings"—there we are dead against him. Lander's Dialogues do not belong to the class which Bacon described. They are not of those which "may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others." They are not "of the meaner sort." He knew that his day would not come till all days were alike to him; but he was content. "I shall dine late," he wrote, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." He would have been little pleased, indeed, had he known that the plums would be picked out of his pies, and scattered to a lazy crowd waiting below the windows in the street. Let not our editor trouble himself about "what has to be done in order to extend to wider circles the knowledge of so illustrious a master." Let him remember how Lander has himself in his own noble words described the progress of those writers "who are to have a currency through ages." "In the beginning," he says, "they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and being once above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation." It is not through extracts that the great writer gets known, so far as he ever does get known, to the little readers. It is through those who have sat at his feet, who have loved him, followed him, honoured him, learned his great language, caught his clear accents, made him their pattern to live and to die, that the master makes his voice heard throughout "the world's great school-room." He changes the few small loaves into a bountiful meal, and they in their turn hand the food about among the surrounding multitude. But the miracle lasts from age to age, and the distribution calls for prolonged and unwearying service.

There is one side of Professor Colvin's work which we have not as yet considered—his sketch, namely, of Lander's Life, and his criticisms of his writings. He has carefully examined the various accounts that we have of this great man, and he has spared no pains in working up the materials into a whole. The sketch is readable, and in parts interesting even to those who were already well acquainted with the main facts. But greater praise than this it does not, we fear, deserve. The criticism is of a higher order, though even this, from faults of style which we shall presently point out, is scarcely worthy of the subject. The following passage will show the Professor at his best:—

The massive individuality of Lander's mind was accompanied, as we have seen, by a many-sided power of historical sympathy, which made him at home not in one only but in several, and those the most dissimilar ages of the past. The strenuous gravity and heroic independence of Puritan England had entered into his imaginative being, as well as the contented grace and harmonious self-possession of ancient Hellas. But of all things he was perhaps the most of a Greek at heart. His freedom from any tincture of mysticism, his love of unconfused shapes and outlines, his easy dismissal of the unfathomable and the unknown, and steady concentration of the mind upon the purely human facts of existence, its natural sorrows and natural consolations, all helped him to find in the life of ancient Greece a charm without alloy, and in her songs and her philosophies a beauty and a wisdom without shortcoming.

Far too many passages, however, of Professor Colvin's writings are marred by faults into which no "Landorian" should ever fall. Lander, to use his own words, was "a magistrate in language." We only wish that a few of our modern writers "were," to carry on the quotation, "brought before him, and obliged to undergo his sentence." If he is to be made known to wider circles, let the knowledge be spread by showing that there are those who are willing and eager to work under him in restoring the purity of our language. "The days of pure English are over," he wrote in his old age; "as people do not perceive the loss of freedom until it is utterly gone, neither do they the loss of language; nor would they be persuaded though such a prophet as Milton rose from the dead." Professor Colvin does not seem to differ from Lander in this. "Nor was there ever a time," he writes, "when a sentinel [over the English language] was more needed." He points out how Carlyle, Dickens and Macaulay, had each in his way accustomed Englishmen "to find their language forced into all manner of startling or glittering usages, of extravagant or unquiet forms and devices." By the way, in the sentence that comes just before "the sentinel" he falls into a grammatical blunder. "So massive and minute a literary acquaintance with his mother-tongue, combined with so jealous and sensitive an instinct in its verbal criticism have (sic) probably never existed in any other man." But it is not with errors of grammar that we are troubling ourselves at present. Our complaint is that our author does not always take care that his words have any meaning. If a meaning they have in these cases, it must, at all events, be a conventional one. What, for instance, we may with good reason

ask, is "a massive literary acquaintance with our mother-tongue"? Later on we find Lander "idealizing peccadilloes into enormities, and denouncing and seeking to have them chastized accordingly." As my Uncle Toby owned that he never rightly understood the meaning of the word analogically, we too are not ashamed to confess that we never rightly understand all the meanings of this word that is in so high favour just at present—idealizing. But, allowing that peccadilloes can be idealized into enormities, how are we to explain the rest of the sentence?—"denouncing and seeking to have them chastized accordingly." What is it that was denounced? It is not a word that can stand by itself, and yet there is nothing that rightly belongs to it. Passing on we come to the following piece of criticism:—"The true strength of the discursive *Conversations* resides in the extraordinary richness, the originality of the reflexions and meditative depth and insight scattered through them—reflexions generally clenched and illuminated by images, and adding the quality of beauty to the qualities of solid ingenuity or wisdom." Here is a fine clatter of words, but little we fear more than a clatter. Ixion tried to grasp the cloud, but what was his attempt when compared with images that clench reflections at the same time that they illuminate them? But worse than this—through these reflections is scattered not only a depth but a meditative depth. It is in these image-clenched, image-illuminated, and depth-scattered reflections that the true strength of Lander's *Conversations* resides. Since the days when strength resided in Samson's hair, we doubt whether it has ever found a stranger home.

Once more passing on, we read:—"In his work, as it seems to me, Lander is a great and central artist in his mother-tongue, and a great creative master of historic sentiment and of the human heart." A central artist in his mother-tongue is no doubt very commendable as a good phrase, but possibly it may be found by some as hard to explain as accommodated was found by Bardsolph. We are reminded how Lander said that "the establishment of an academy for painting has much infected our language. If we find five metaphors in a chapter, four of them are upon trust from the oil-and-colour-man." Through want of space we must content ourselves with merely noting such phrases as "a shining promise which smouldered off into disappointment and mediocrity," "a cultivator of men of genius," "a voice fibrous in all its tones," "a story lightning-lit with flashes of romance," "unmitigated and Titanic tragedy," "the essence of proud urbanity and compendious force," "a pointed and clenching method," and, perhaps worst of all, "he commissioned a bust." If Lander, in his strong way of speaking, maintained that "none but a sugar-slave would employ the verb *originate* actively," what abuse might he not have poured on the commissioner of a bust?

It is disappointing to find that the careful study of one of the greatest teachers of style and one of the greatest masters of English has borne no better fruits than these. We shall not, we fear, have the younger men on our side, for of the new kind of writing that has so rapidly sprung up they are the staunchest adherents. Their admiration outstrips by far their understanding. Yet, if in the midst of the applause that they bestow on their favourite writers, they were forced to try to explain the meaning of the words that so tickle their ears, they might now and then have to confess, in the words of Epimedeia in Lander's "Pericles and Aspasia," "I could not understand one word in twenty, and what I could understand was sheer nonsense." That the day may quickly come when, of their own free will, they shall make this confession, the day when "men of plain, simple, sound understanding" shall be once more, if not the judges, at least the acknowledged jurors of our language, must be the earnest prayer of every "true Landorian." So far as Professor Colvin's book tends to bring this day nearer we can give it a welcome. But when that happy time has at length come, then we fear that one "true Landorian" will find that some of his readers have given him the slip.

COUNTRY PLEASURES.*

COUNTRY PLEASURES is addressed, and ought to be dedicated, to real lovers of the country, nor do we know that we have ever read a more fascinating book of the kind. City-bred folks, though they can hardly fail to be pleased by the charm of its style, will scarcely appreciate its more delicate beauties. We cannot say that Mr. Milner makes much of little; for there is no nobler subject than nature, and in the infinite variety of nature's works, none are unworthy of minute attention. This very volume of his is proof to the contrary. But it needs something of a regular rural apprenticeship to understand the depth and tenderness of the associations that may be awakened by some apparently insignificant flower; to enter into the feelings which can be agreeably excited in blustering storm or blinding sleet; to follow with interest the sympathetic descriptions of land, sea, and sky in all aspects of the weather; and to realize, in short, that an uneventful country existence may be full of events and sensations though it seems dull and monotonous. But there are few lovers of the country, we fancy, however much they may pride themselves on their knowledge of things rural, who will not acknowledge Mr. Milner for their master. His has been a life of that close observation which has ripened with habit almost into intuition, and so he has accumulated the miscellaneous

* *Country Pleasures: the Chronicle of a Year, chiefly in a Garden.* By George Milner. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

stores of information which make him the most intelligent and trustworthy of guides as he is the most agreeable of instructors. He is an enthusiastic gardener, though he has studied his gardening in the school of nature rather than under professional experts. He is a good naturalist and a practical botanist, and he has the genius of an artist, as we see in the pictures after nature that are scattered everywhere over his pages. Few men know better how to translate into words, each of which has its definite meaning, his clear impressions of natural objects as he has viewed them through different atmospheric effects. But, above all, what gives its most distinctive character to his volume is the range of his acquaintance with the English poets. He presses them all into his service, or, rather, he borrows their brightest ideas, though never without acknowledgment, with the flattering freedom of an intimate friend. And any one with a fair knowledge of poetry will be astonished to find how many beautiful rural allusions have eluded his notice in a general perusal of the works of our poets. For Mr. Milner has read them all with a purpose, and nothing that fell naturally within the sphere of his tastes appears to have escaped his retentive memory. Were we to glance through his pages for the quotations alone, the book must still leave delightful recollections. But, to do the author ordinary justice, we ought to remark how happily each of the quotations falls into its place; how gracefully it suggests an appropriate train of thought; or how justly it illustrates one of his characteristic reflections.

Necessarily, in describing his home and his haunts, Mr. Milner has painted himself and his habits, till we seem to know him almost as well as we know his old-fashioned garden. He likes to perpetuate old traditions, and to preserve the memory of old English festivals. In his neighbourhood the bustling enterprises of the present rubs shoulders with the relics of the past; and his house stands now almost in the suburbs of one of the great and growing Lancastrian manufacturing towns. But, almost under the shadow of smoky chimneys, he still kindles the yule log on Christmas Eve, and decks the rooms with mistletoe and holly; and the decorations are left to wither upon the walls till cleared away with all due solemnity at Shrovetide. And the work of removal must be done carefully, under heavy supernatural penalties; for, as Herrick sung in a quaint poem that is quoted:—

For look how many leaves there be
Neglected there; maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

The bonfire blazes on the 5th of November, while all the household joins hands for the ceremonial dance round the blaze. But festivals like these are celebrated at long intervals, and the plan of the book is keeping a regular journal of the slight incidents of the weeks and the seasons. As Mr. Milner announces in the title-page, it is the "chronicle of a year, chiefly in a garden," and the garden must be a very pleasant one. He has no great fancy for the modern fashion of setting trim flower-beds ablaze with masses of gorgeous bedding-out plants. He rather recommends leaving nature to herself, and he joins practice to precept. He cultivates the English flowers of long descent—though, indeed, they need but little cultivation—many of which have been glorified by his favourite poets. Nor does he greatly object to what we call weeds, when in their proper places; and, above all, he delights in the drooping foxgloves, which have a special bank in his garden devoted to themselves. There are wild flowers of many species, besides, in the little woods and the orchards; there is a glen which shows a rich variety of forest foliage; and there are rough pieces of meadow and untrimmed hedgerows. Where there are thickets and dense patches of hurrel and rhododendron, with luxuriant ivy and climbing plants clinging to old walls and buildings, of course birds swarm, though the city is so near. Nothing is more interesting than some of Mr. Milner's notes on nesting-time and the situations of nests, and the rapid growth of the nestlings. He points out the absurdity of popular notions as to the unerring instinct which is supposed to guide birds in concealing their nests. It is true that some of them, like the wary chaffinches, choose the materials of the very colour of the bough which gives its support. But others, such as the "poor foolish thrush," actually appear to court observation; and nothing but its extreme fertility can save the race from extinction in districts where many bird-nesting boys are abroad. Then there are others which, building in open fields near the ground, confide eggs or broods to the chapter of accidents. He mentions one nest of the meadow-pipit which he stumbled upon, though most ingeniously concealed in a tuft of coarse rushy grass; but which all the same might be wrecked at any moment by some grazing animal crushing it under foot. While the starling, on the other hand, shows a happy mixture of cunning and confidence. "Here is the starling creeping through a small hole in the tiles to his snug nest. His sense of security makes him impudent; he stands and looks at you with his head cocked up, and goes in and out of the house with an unnecessary frequency, as if he would say, 'This is where I live, and I don't care if you know it.' As for the rapidity of the growth of the young, we have it carefully noted in the story of a hedge-warbler's family. On May 10th the young were out of their shells, and huddled together in an undistinguishable jumble in the bottom of the nest. Five days afterwards they had already grown too big for it; so that one was always being smothered under his three companions, who were gaping open-beaked for food. 'All birds' nests,' Mr. Milner observes, 'seem to me to err by defect'; or,

in other words, they have not been constructed with an eye to the inevitable expansion of their inmates. On May 18th the young warblers looked ridiculously large, so that it seemed as if they must either fly or fall. And on that evening, or the following morning, fly they did, and only nine or ten days after they had struggled out of the shell.

But we should give a very imperfect notion of Mr. Milner's book if we implied that it was occupied altogether, or even chiefly, with mere notes on natural history, botany, and gardening. It abounds in passages of minute and most exact description, inspired by a genuine artistic feeling, and in bits of poetic meditation and moralizing that have nothing pedantic or affected in them. Indeed, it is difficult to make selections for quotation, because the style is always easy and natural; so that we are rather pleased by the effect of the whole than impressed by any particular passages. But here is a reflection suggested by the stillness of a winter night which attracted us by its truth as by its simple beauty:—"It is at night, however, that the feeling of winter is most strong; and the *dumbness* of it is the first thing that strikes you; there is much to see, but nothing to hear. The watercourses are frozen; the birds are all hidden—who knows where?—and the winds are still; but how beautiful are the white leaning roofs of an old homestead, and the red glimmer in the windows of the neighbouring farm, seen across a long stretch of snow; and how marvellously the stars seem to dance among the black branches of the trees." Nor does Mr. Milner confine himself in the chronicle of his year to notes on his own home in Lancashire. Although even when there he is by no means limited to the bounds of the pleasant garden and farm, for the place lies within easy reach of the hills, and many is the ramble that he takes over the expanse of the lonely moors. Some of his best chapters are dated from North Wales, or the neighbouring seashore, or from Shropshire, and, above all, from the island of Arran, where he invites us to spend the months of August and September. But, wherever he goes, and though he changes from plain to hill, or from the shady lanes of the Midland Counties to the sands and flats of the seacoast, there is never a breach in the continuity of his work. He says himself that in making a move, it is his first object to find points of pleasant contact between the old home and the new, and in that he undoubtedly succeeds. A chief point of contact he finds in the wild flowers. Even in Arran they are much the same as in the neighbourhood of the smoky Lancastrian towns, though many of them may be more beautiful:—

In the thicket behind the garden here the wild bramble trails its prickly stem and its white flowers up and down, just as it is doing now in the thorn hedge above the foxglove bed in our own garden far away; and as we ascend the lower and pastoral slopes of the mountain we see all our old favourites—the brilliant dandelion; the little red-tipped bird's-foot; the delicate eye-bright; the blue campanula, swinging its airily-hung bells in every faint breeze; and the daisy, with its yellow disk and its white rays reduced to one-fourth their usual size, but brighter than ever—a perfect diamond in the green pasture.

He goes on to remark that the higher one climbs the smaller, but more vivid in colour, the flowers become. And the remark will be confirmed by every one who remembers the lustrous brilliance of the wild flowers in the upper meadows on the Alps and the Pyrenees, notably of the little blue gentianellas where they enamel the borders of some mountain pool. But our experience, so far as it goes, confirms the accuracy of every one of Mr. Milner's observations; though we confess that in reading his book we have learned among other things how little we know and how unobservant we have been. We see lists of volumes every day advertised as suitable for the holiday season; but to those who are contemplating tours in the country we can recommend no volume more heartily than these simple and beautiful "Country Pleasures."

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.*

NOBODY can say that a Life of Voltaire was not wanted in English, for there is really nothing of the kind on any sufficient or satisfactory scale. There are, indeed, certain very well-known essays on the subject, but they deal for the most part with inferences rather than with data. It is, however, but a short time since M. Desnoiresterres's elaborate series of volumes was finished; while the Voltaire centenary of three years ago produced a flood of writing on the subject, some of it worthy to be taken into account; and the progress of literary investigation is constantly unearthing fresh work of the indefatigable philosopher's own. In default of a better, Mr. Parton's work will be useful enough, but it is only in default of a better. We have not often read a book which was fuller of small blunders. The enumeration of these would be tedious enough, but we hardly remember to have noted down a longer list against a book of the kind. At one time it is a slip in nomenclature, such as *Jean Stobée*, *Denys of Halicarnassus*, and so forth. At another it is ignorance of the details of history, such as the statement that Congreve left his fortune to Duchess Sarah of Marlborough. At another it is bibliographical errors. Of these last there is a glaring example at the very beginning of the book. "In a satirical romance," says Mr. Parton, "published when Voltaire was a boy, there is," &c. This satirical romance is explained in a footnote to be the *Roman Bourgeois*. Now Voltaire was born in 1694, and

* *Life of Voltaire*. By James Parton. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

the *Roman Bourgeois* was published in 1666. Mr. Parton is therefore a good half-century out—for in his footnote he quotes the 1712 edition, apparently under the impression that it is the first—as to the date of not the least remarkable work of fiction of the French seventeenth century. In itself the error is nothing; but it gives a very definite and unsatisfactory idea of the writer's ignorance of general French literary history.

Inaccuracies of detail, however, may be too severely as well as not severely enough visited. They have often been shown to be compatible with a real grasp of the general history of a person or a period, and with a real power of representing that history. It is awkward certainly for the trusting disciple; but *caveat lector* is perhaps as good a maxim as *caveat emptor*. But it is otherwise with certain radical faults of general handling and view. When a biographer commenting on the history of the Arouets says, "probably the family had been established in the neighbourhood for generations. An ancestor may have witnessed the battle of Poitiers," &c., a kind of despair seizes the reader. History by peradventure is surely not worth writing, and still less worth reading. Nor is this Mr. Parton's only excursion into that most unprofitable region. All readers of Voltaire's pleasing story of his English travels remember the highly symbolical account of his adventures when he landed at Greenwich. "He observed," as Mr. Parton's version has it, "a prodigious number of well-formed young people on horseback cantering round a racecourse." Instantly Mr. Parton's imagination is on fire. He is, let it be observed, an American, and his book is written rather with a view to the United States than to England as it would appear. "Ben Franklin was a journeyman printer in London then. What more likely than that he was at Greenwich that day? He may have been one of the stout fresh complexioned youths whom Voltaire admired," and so forth. Comment on folly of this kind is hardly required, and indeed it is not probable that any one foolish enough to commit it would understand the way in which other people regard it. It would be venial, however, if this were the only way in which Mr. Parton goes out of his way to catch the ear of his own particular audience. "It is difficult," he says, "for an American citizen to realize the fond anxiety with which the French people watched the growth and listened to bulletins of the health of this little boy" (Louis XV.) An American citizen must in that case be a very dull person, and Mr. Parton may be assured that it is perfectly possible for an Englishman, notwithstanding an exactly parallel difference, to realize the fond anxiety with which Americans have lately been listening to bulletins of the health of President Garfield. Elsewhere Mr. Parton must needs drag in "inflation." Law, of course, comes in for some terribly strong language, language which goes far to show that Mr. Parton has a very indistinct notion of what Law actually did. Gürtz, he tells us, again, "was the only person who ever suffered death for the pernicious error of inflating a country's currency." What does it matter, we should like to know, to the readers of a biography of Voltaire whether the biographer is for "hard" money or for "soft"?

Mr. Parton's general critical standpoint as to his hero is hardly more satisfactory than his attitude in regard to these details. To him Voltaire is not what he is to sober critics, a literary figure of the very first, or all but the very first, importance; a significant landmark in the history of social and religious opinion; a personality, questionable indeed, but on the whole rather attractive than the reverse; a politician almost unimportant. M. Victor Hugo's discourse on the Voltaire centenary, in which that great writer showed himself at his very worst and weakest, seems to Mr. Parton "the crowning utterance of the century"; it is "the highest effort of the kind in French literature"; Béranger's "Baptism of Voltaire" (as poor a thing for Béranger as the speech just mentioned for Hugo) "will be a fresh possession to each generation after the trivial episode of the Restoration has been generally forgotten." The reason of these extravagant estimates is sufficiently clear. It is not respect for Béranger or for Hugo, but for Voltaire, which induces Mr. Parton to make them. He has accepted to the full, and exaggerated not a little, the view of those who see in Voltaire's "*écrouez l'infâme*" the watchword of modern Europe. He would fain, if he could, make of the patriarch, not merely a great religious, but a great political, reformer, though in his character of American citizen he has ruefully to confess that it was very wicked of Voltaire to speak of the lower classes as *canaille*. That Voltaire had no definite political views at all, or, if he had any, would have liked a thoroughly enlightened and amiable despotism; that his religious, or anti-religious, crusade resolved itself partly into mere mocking, partly into a carrying out, not altogether according to knowledge, of English ideas as to toleration, Mr. Parton seems not to have the slightest idea. The Revolution itself might have taught him better. It was very far, and is very far, from seeing an ally in Voltaire; and the sole reason for the revival of affection for him in the France of to-day apparently is that to the French Radical of the moment anybody who ever annoyed the Clericals is a saint.

In point of critical grasp, therefore, Mr. Parton's book is as destitute of value as it is in point of literary execution. The translations in which it abounds are extremely ill executed, the ignorance of French idiom, or else the incapacity to reproduce it in English idiom, which is displayed being portentous. "You will find it impertinent that the same hand should paint the king and me" instead of "you will consider it." "I pretend to be ignored of all the world except you," instead of "I insist upon being ignored by all the world except you," &c. &c. But these

same translations almost make up in matter what they lack in manner. They are, as has been said, very numerous, and they are impartially selected from Voltaire's own letters, from letters to him, and from writings about him. The merely English reader has, therefore, a very considerable body of first-hand evidence from which to judge Voltaire. Moreover, the narrative which connects these extracts is very copious, very minute, and on matters of great importance tolerably accurate. Every now and then, indeed, the remarkable faculty which supplies the place of the judicial faculty in Mr. Parton's case makes itself apparent, as in his odd acceptance of a solution of the *veratissima questio* of the name Voltaire, for which he has, or at least produces, no other authority than a quotation in the English *Pall Mall Budget* from the French sporting newspaper *Le Derby*. Of the actual facts of Voltaire's strange and busy career, however, a very full, and on the whole sufficient, account has been got together in these voluminous pages. Every praise that may be due to diligent compilation fairly belongs to Mr. Parton. It has, indeed, not been necessary for him to do more than to take the trouble of reading a certain number of very accessible books. But the number was considerable, and the trouble is one which, unfortunately, as every week shows us, a very large number of authors altogether disdain to undergo. It was perhaps more than it is fair to expect from human nature that he should have refrained from spicing the results of his investigations with the flowers and sprouts of his own brain. Mr. Parton no doubt thinks that to say "it savoured of good breeding to be Cartesian—the last resource of error that has received its death wound" is rather neat, and perhaps the citizens of a free and not over-polished Republic like to be told that good breeding is the last resource of error. He may be of opinion that "Voltaire's empty sarcophagus speaks more powerfully than if it were a Tamerlane's pyramid of bones" is a vigorous picture and an appropriate image. Perhaps it is not too much to allow him these innocent expatiations in consideration of the good solid work which he has actually done.

No one who has hitherto derived his ideas of Voltaire's visit to Frederick merely from Mr. Carlyle and Lord Macaulay should omit to correct them by the account here given—one of the most careful parts of the book. So, too, the account of the Cirey stay is very interesting, and much the fullest that we know in English. Indeed, a full one was hardly possible before the publication of that part of M. Desnoiresterres's work which deals with the subject. Voltaire's bondage to his Marquise is very well exhibited, though it is fair to remember that the witness most damaging to the fair Emilie was a lady (Mme. de Graigny), who admits that her hostess treated her very badly, and who seems to have been a very little jealous of her influence over Voltaire. The last part of the story, that relating to Ferney and Les Délices, is less elaborately treated; but as this is also one of the best known, and as the various visits to Voltaire of Burney, Moore, Casanova, &c., are public property, there was perhaps less need for minuteness here. On the other hand, the youth of Voltaire and his last visit to Paris come in for very elaborate treatment, and, as far as the information given is concerned, very little is left to be desired in connexion with them.

On the whole, then, this is one of the very few books of which it can not be said that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. Mr. Parton's mere diligence is fully satisfactory and sufficient. It is his art that is in default. Indeed, if he had tried to do a little less, and avoided all attempts at doing anything but setting forward the facts, without comment, criticism, or view of his own, he would have done a great deal better. But in that case he would have been a rather superhuman person. And it is, perhaps, on the whole, unreasonable to find fault with a human being for not being superhuman.

THE VIOLIN AND ITS MUSIC.*

IF there is any musical instrument which deserves to have its history written, and read, not once but many times, it is the violin; for even the general public might well afford to know something about one of the most wonderful and perfect inventions of men. The pianoforte is, of course, the most familiar, the most useful, and to some people, for these very reasons, the most obnoxious of instruments. The organ is supremely impressive, but it is not delicately expressive; it is the most romantic of instruments, and has a long history, but it is too easily profaned; and, as it supplies the greatest amount of noise at the least expense of mental or muscular labour, it meets more often with profanation than respect. The violin is not so easily profaned. A layman can do nothing with it at all; it is a speech which is hard to learn and hard to keep, even in a moderate degree, so that it is much more sacred to the initiated in the most intimate musical mysteries than are its larger brothers. But, most of all, it is the most perfect means of musical utterance which has ever been devised. Its resources of expression are almost without limit, both in kind and extent and in degree. A man can express passion and tenderness, wisdom or humour, grandeur or delicacy, on a small or a large scale, without subterfuge and without compromise; and he can do it without the complicated machinery of bellows and trackers and stops, or the labour of lungs or pinching of lips and the elaborate mechanism to let out the right sound in the right place, or

* *The Violin and its Music.* By George Hart.

the marvellous delicacy of pianoforte action. With his own fingers alone he stops a few strings just where he will, and with his bow, guided by his own well-trained muscles, he makes the sound for himself. All complicated machinery lies between the man and his musical speech, and shuts him off further from spontaneity, but the violin lies close to a man's soul, and with it he can tell the most intimate things of his nature to those that have ears to hear.

It is rather a proof of the nobility of the instrument and the smallness of the average man that great violinists should be so rare. If we take our own country, for instance, it seems rather a strange matter for reflection in relation to music and men's musical powers that it has not produced a single great violinist of the first rank. Italy, France, Germany, and even little Belgium, have their great names, and a fair row of them; England has not one, and few even of such free and able spirits as can do their duty by it. However, it is not yet too late, and there may be improvement; and, moreover, though mankind as a rule think little of things they do not themselves excel in, it may be confessed without vanity that there has generally been a small nucleus of people in this country who know what music is at its best, and appreciate in others gifts which are denied to themselves. This is a very honest trait, and it is one to be encouraged; and Mr. George Hart is quite right to give them the opportunity of improving their information and increasing the numbers in so worthy a circle by putting forth a large and attractive volume on what he is no more than reasonable in calling the king of instruments. It is difficult to think of a man whose position would better fit him for the work; and the broad range of interest in the book which appears at the very beginning, and the evident appreciation of the romantic as well as the practical side of the question, shows that the man is not merged in the specialist, and that outsiders as well as experts may look to find amusement as well as instruction therein. The range of the book is of the widest, and the author endeavours rather fruitlessly to dive into the obscurity of the middle ages for the springs and sources of his subject. He takes up with the view of Roger North as to the viol when he says, "I cannot but esteem it perfectly Gothic." A considerable space is devoted to this point, though there are but dim glimmerings of inference to guide the devious way. The Troubadours of Provence had something to do with the viol, and so had the Viols of Spain, and yet more the Meistersingers of Nuremberg and the other great German towns. But this does not help much to a judgment. Moreover, the viol was not the direct ancestor of the violin, nor was the treble viol its counterpart. These were larger and coarser, and differed somewhat radically in shape, and were fretted on the finger-board. The direct ancestor or prototype of the violin was rather the instrument called by Anglo-Saxons *fithel*, or *rebec* by the French, and *geige* by the Germans; and its existence went on for a long while side by side with the viols, but in different company. The viols were the instruments of polite society, and the fiddles of the vulgar. The latter were at home in the fairs and the taverns, and the former in the houses of the then intelligent classes. Many people believe the *rebec* to have come from the East, and some authorities go so far as to say it is the common ancestor of both viol and violin. The sculptures of ancient cathedrals and minsters and the vignettes and borders of manuscripts may throw some light on the question; but it cannot be hoped that so obscure a matter will ever have a decided solution. The particular view held by the author is not likely to gain strength by his saying, "Though I have named the Goths as the possessors of a bowed instrument which gave rise to the viol, I have done so for the sake of simplicity rather than from conviction." So that, on the whole, it will seem agreeable to a logical mind to get on to more stable ground.

It is certain that a book by Carmine Angurelli, published at Verona in 1491, contains a woodcut of a seven-stringed viol of somewhat rude construction, and that German paintings of nearly the same epoch, or a little later, contain representations of similar but rather better constructed instruments. This, however, may not count for much in respect of the superiority of one nation over the other as far as regards the instruments, for the Germans may have had the more accurate powers of observation. The chief point which is certain is their general diffusion and development. The improvement of instruments and of the music written for them generally goes hand in hand; they act and react upon one another. While these stringed instruments were without bridges to support the strings, or had only flat bridges, and no hollows in the sides to enable the bow to get to the outside strings, it is obvious that little real musical work could be done with them. When and how a better state of things was attained cannot now be ascertained; it is only clear that by this period—about the end of the fifteenth century—viols must have reached sufficient development to be available for real music, though their tone cannot have been at all remarkable, or near in beauty to that of a violin.

The beginnings of polite instrumental music were almost certainly from vocal madrigals, which were the earliest forms of domestic music. Vocal music, of course, was the branch which was earliest cultivated, because the voice was the organ which nature had given to man ready to his will. The early masters of the Netherlands brought this art of writing for voices up to a very high point, and carried their powers with them to Italy, where many were engaged in high musical offices by Popes and nobles. When this vocal writing became very elaborate, viols were introduced to assist the voices and keep them

together. Then, for variety's sake, the voices were sometimes dropped and the viols played alone. The step from this is not far to compositions exclusively for viols. Of this emancipation Andrea Gabrieli and his nephew Giovanni are sometimes credited with being the heroes. They were both in highest musical authority at St. Mark's, in Venice, and the former was the pupil of the great Dutchman, Adrian Willaerts, who occupied the same post before him. "Sonate a cinque per i stromenti," by Andrea, were published at Venice in 1586; and the nephew Giovanni is credited with being the first to use viols in a dignified position, namely, in his "In Excelsis" for soli and chorus, with orchestra of viols, horns, and trombones. It is, however, certain that works for instruments alone were published in France before this, though they may not be held to be sufficiently dignified to take precedence. A book was published, in Paris, by Attaignant, from 1547 to 1555, which contains galliards and pavanes and other dances for viols in four and five parts; and if such things do not appear as important in themselves as the madrigals played on the viols, they had, in fact, quite as much share in the parentage of sonatas and quartets and symphonies. It must be just noticed in passing that the spread of printing had not a little to do with the development of music. Petrucci began printing music in Italy in 1495, and Wynkyn de Worde in England in 1530, and very little later the musical world was most wonderfully alive and taking giant strides of progress.

Till the latter part of the sixteenth century the viola still held possession of the field, but Gaspar di Salo was making viols in 1560, and time had already come round to the famous family of Amati, who began with making viols, but very soon after attained the highest possible perfection in the art of making violins in the beginning of the next century; which also was to see the appearance of Antonio Stradivarius, whose violins in these days are canonized by the familiar name of Strads. The music for the instrument cannot in this case be said to have kept pace with such a rapid blaze of achievement. So far progress was tentative and slow, and was as usual hindered by the dulness of perception of executants and auditors. Monteverde, among many other experiments which we now take as a matter of course, tried some new effects with his strings which so alarmed his players that they at first refused to try them. He used violins in his opera *Orfeo*, which was played at Mantua in 1607, but the fretted viol was not yet by any means driven from the field. A considerable amount of good music was written for it after this date, and it may be a little comforting to know that some worthy work of the kind was done in this country; as for instance by our Orlando Gibbons, in the "Fantasias of three parts," which the author has either forgotten or preferred not to mention. At all events, they have some extremely fine points in them, and if we could do anything relatively as good nowadays we might be very well contented with ourselves.

The violin must have been for some time creeping up and gaining on the viol, but the final victory was reserved, historically, for Corelli. His opera prima, called "Sonate di Chiesa a tre, due Violini e Violone ecceat," was published in Rome in 1681, and this and the works which shortly followed clinched the matter. But some honour should be reserved for the violin-makers, and for the nameless sons of art whose labours were the foundation upon which Corelli built, or gathered and bound into perfect and convincing order. The author discusses some anecdotes about him, given both by detractors and encomiasts, and rightly points out the unsatisfactory nature of such personalities. The most satisfactory item quoted is the account of his ideas on the ensemble of a string band; this is given by his pupil Geminiani, who reported that he "regarded it as essential to the ensemble of a band that their bows should all move exactly together, all up or all down; so that at his rehearsals, which constantly preceded every public performance of his concertos, he would immediately stop the band if he discovered one irregular bow." This will remind some readers of the practice of the Paris Conservatoire. Corelli's solos appeared about 1700, and in 1701 Scarlatti wrote his opera *Laodicea e Berenice*, in which there is an obligato violin accompaniment to an air, and his orchestra contained violins, tenors, cellos, and basses. The steps here go quickly in the direction of things as we know them familiarly. Porpora was Scarlatti's pupil, and Haydn was Porpora's. But, while the world was getting ready for the artistic achievements of Haydn, it was tolerably well occupied with such remarkable men as Vercini, Tartini, and Nardini in Italy, and Le Clair and Gaviniés in France, and with such giants in composition as Bach and Handel. The worst of this state of things for the general reader is that, in order to approach to anything like sufficiency and completeness with such a crowd of witnesses as there then were, many pages degenerate into mere lists of names and references to compositions. The author puts in a plumb here and there to keep the interest alive, but it is hard to trim the balance. As Halifax says, "Resolving to serve well, and at the same time resolving to please, is generally resolving to do what is not to be done." But, at all events, there is a great deal of information in the book about the early stages of violin history and the earlier violinists; and, if the great masters have not a due proportion of space left for them, it may, at all events, be said that it is easier for the public to get their own information about them and to hear their works if they will. To an exacting critic, however, the author will not appear to be so perfectly at home or so thoroughly interested in general matters of musical information in the later and grandest period of art; and his information, though undoubtedly rich, is not complete. It is rather

curious, for instance, to find him writing of John Sebastian Bach that, "had he possessed the quality of ambition, perhaps the world might have been richer in masterpieces"; and, further on, if he could have commanded an orchestra, "his cantatas and large works might have been quadrupled in number." As Bach wrote a Grand Mass of the largest dimensions, four small ones, five Passions, five Sanctus, the Christmas Oratorio, two Magnificats, and a good deal over two hundred Cantatas, besides a colossal pile of instrumental music, a reasonable man might very well be satisfied, and quadrupling would seem, perhaps, a little superfluous. In another place he speaks of Clementi as a writer of nocturnes, and the notice he makes of Schubert is very inadequate, as he goes to Mr. Chorley for criticism, and makes no mention of some of his finest works which belong to the subject of the violin. Moreover, the consideration he gives to the great John Sebastian is quite inadequate to his importance in relation to the violin, and the list of compositions for the instrument appears to be incomplete. It may be said, as a set-off, that there are some excellent remarks about the position of Philip Emanuel Bach in relation to music generally which could not come from a man who had not a remarkable range of knowledge apart from his special subject, and there are criticisms and remarks on general subjects throughout the work which are of the same calibre.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven offer subjects too large to be brought easily within the range of a history of the violin; but there is a good deal set down which is of general interest, if not a little too general. All three did something themselves in the way of playing stringed instruments, but naturally not in a manner to make much impression on the history of technique. From the violinist's point of view, pure and simple, Viotti is more of a great landmark. With him, the writer says, began the modern school of the violin. He was born in Piedmont, in 1753, and an important part of his life was spent in Paris, where he had the opportunity of influencing several very remarkable players of his time. Among these was Pierre Baillot, who is said to have taken his style as the ideal of perfection and to have modelled his own therefrom. Baillot was himself a pupil of Nardini, who was a pupil of Tartini. Tartini in his turn is looked upon as a follower of Veracini, whom he undoubtedly surpassed, and Veracini was a pupil of Corelli. This brings an interesting genealogy very near to our own time. In another line the famous violinist Rode was a pupil of Viotti, and the admiration which Spohr had for Rode caused him to become, in his own estimation, his most faithful imitator. In this manner Rode, through Spohr, influenced the greater part of contemporary violin playing; and Ferdinand David, the friend of Mendelssohn and Joachim, was the pupil of Spohr.

The writer holds that the position Spohr occupied in relation to the progress of the violin was hardly less important than that of Corelli. He effected "the union of Italian, French, and German art." "The style of composition which Spohr brought to bear upon the violin as a solo instrument necessitated a special education on the part of the executant." The conclusion from which is, that "something more is needed than correct time keeping and perfect mechanism; in short, that the painter must ally himself with the poet," &c. This is large-minded and true in general, and possibly of Spohr in part; but there were men of the right stamp before Agamemnon, and other influences may have had more to do with the development than the great German violinist is accountable for. Men had to learn to express what the greatest composers provided for them, and in relation to every instrument this has more influence than commonly appears.

There is a very great deal more which is well worth discussing in the book if it were possible; such as the account of that phenomenal prince of virtuosi, Paganini, and his musical genealogy, and the estimate of his position in relation to genuine art; and there are anecdotes about great musicians and their works, some of which are a little garrulous and some of no little interest and illustrative value; but people who have time for anything reasonable may not find it amiss to look for them themselves. It is probably not possible to fit amusement with the completeness of a work of reference, but so far as such things are compatible in relation to a very rich subject, the writer has made an admirable effort.

OLD ALI.*

THE title of this work is somewhat fantastic. A tour which took place in 1860 can scarcely be classed with propriety among "travels long ago." And the Persian servant whose name Mr. Osmaston tells us he feels a pleasure in bringing "conspicuously forward" on his title-page was, in reality, not called Ali, but Agha Baba. But these are details of small importance. The principal fault to be found with the book is that the information it contains is, if not absolutely stale, at all events deficient in freshness. Had it been published immediately after the traveller's return home, it would perhaps have inspired a lively instead of a languid interest. After the lapse of a score of years there might seem, at first sight, to be no sufficient reason for its appearance now. But the author takes care to inform us that he has had special reasons for publishing now his long-suppressed notes of travel. He fears, though he finds it hard to believe, that there exist "Englishmen of the present day, in the year of grace 1880,

so unenlightened as would join our Church of England to such a painted charnel-house" as the "so-called Greek or Russian Church." And therefore he is glad to testify, "at the present time more especially, to the gross ignorance and lamentable superstition, the outcome of priestly rule," which are linked with the ceremonies of that Church, as witnessed by him on half-a-dozen occasions during a six-weeks' tour in Russia. It has also been his "pleasant duty," his preface proceeds to state, to record "some marked Providences"—that is to say, several evident interpositions of Providence in his behalf. These do not seem to have begun to manifest themselves while he was in Protestant Scandinavia. But during his progress through superstitious Russia and infidel Persia they were as frequent as valuable. His meeting with an English companion on his way to Astrachan was "a Providential over-ruling." When his departure from Astrachan was facilitated by the abrogation of one of the laws which used to hamper the movements of travellers, he "most strongly" felt that the change was "a marked Providential occurrence"; and the present of a work on Persian travel which he had previously been unable to obtain was, in his eyes, "another link in a Providential chain." A vigorous faith of this kind naturally carried him cheerfully through many difficulties and some dangers. On several occasions his capacity for believing lent a pleasant enchantment to the views on which he gazed. When he saw the supposed tomb of the Prophet Ezekiel, it occurred to him that, "though two thousand five hundred years have nearly run off the roll of time since that great prophet's day, still there is no reason for believing that this is not the hallowed spot where he lies buried"; and when he was shown "a most ancient copy of the Book of Ezekiel," he rejoiced to think that it was "possibly the very one inscribed by the great prophet himself." After remarking that Aleppo is the Zohah of the Bible, formerly ruled by the Hadadezer whom David overcame, he adds:—"A striking verification of this was found some time ago in an old Hebrew inscription on stone, discovered somewhere near the castle in Aleppo, which recorded 'that Joab, the son of Zeruiah, the general of the great King David, came and took this city in battle from the King Hadadezer.'" On linguistic questions he does not often record an opinion. But we are told at p. 326 that "it is remarkable how very many Persian words correspond in sound to our own; and it is evident that both the Saxon and the Celtic are largely derived from this Persian source." He found that many of those words had "a most unmistakable Saxon ring in them"; among others, the equivalents for "orange" and "balcony."

Mr. Osmaston's book is readable throughout, his descriptions are often picturesque, and his remarks on what he saw are usually sensible. But so much has been written since he travelled about most of the regions through which he passed, that there is little in the first half of his volume which has not been already rendered sufficiently familiar. While in Norway he witnessed a fire at Christiania, and on the way to Drøningheim a flood compelled him to turn out of his railway carriage and take refuge on board a steamer. He visited the North Cape, but was prevented by mist from seeing from its summit the midsummer midnight sun. He went to church at Hammerfest, and was on the whole edified by the service, though he was surprised to see the minister put on over his surplice "a crimson cloth, which hung down in a peak behind, and having a large golden cross worked upon it, looking, I must own, very Popish-like." With the Norwegians he was much pleased, though they were too lazy ever to run, and they smoked and spat in an annoying manner; and by the Swedes and their country he appears to have been favourably impressed. On his description of St. Petersburg it is unnecessary to dwell. "Why we English saint it (he says), I don't know; the Russians give it no title, calling it simply Petersburg." This is a mistake, but a natural one. The *Sankt* really forms a part of the name of the city, which was called after the saint and Apostle, not the Tsar, though it is colloquially suppressed.

The story told to Mr. Osmaston by a Russian friend about the preparations to fire the city made by the authorities during the Crimean war, may be set down as one of the tales concocted for the benefit of travellers. "He assured me that Petersburg was considered to be so defenceless and unprotected at that time, while our sailors were sporting themselves in the Baltic, that immense piles of faggots were laid up in the corners of the chief streets in order to commit the city to the flames sooner than that the hand of the spoiler should touch it. 'As we did to Moscow, so we would have done to Petersburg,' he said." In travelling in Russia Mr. Osmaston met with no difficulties. While still at St. Petersburg he took the singular step of turning all his paper money into gold, which he secured in a leather girdle, fastened night and day round his waist. The sight of his gold must have created a sensation in a land but little familiar with the aspect of that metal except on gilded domes and other ecclesiastical ornaments. The necessary expenses attendant on Russian travel he found moderate, in spite of the absurd stories to the contrary in which some imaginative tourists delight. At Moscow he visited the usual palaces and churches, marvelled at the wonder-working pictures above the Kremlin gates, drove to the Sparrow Hills, and looked down upon "the city, with its domes and towers and spires glittering in the broad and luxuriant plain, and the river Moskowa meandering slowly through, often lost in the overhanging trees and behind the wide sweeps of green"; and boldly made his way to the front during a great review in presence of the Emperor himself, whom he describes as "a man only, after all,

* *Old Ali; or, Travels Long Ago.* By John Osmaston. London: Hatchards.

and no more—a middle-aged, well-proportioned man, handsome, even delicate, in feature, wearing a dark, curling moustache, and no beard." He also made his way into a nunnery. The two inmates whom he saw were elderly, so he wrote in his diary:—"This sex, it seems, generally begin to renounce the world and its vanities just when the world renounces them, and to take the vows of eternal virginity, when all chance of entrapping a partner for life has fled away"; an over-hasty generalization. The description of the drive from Moscow to Nijny Novgorod is rendered interesting by the fact that it records a state of things now passed away. At present the traveller glides comfortably along by rail; but Mr. Osmaston by no means enjoyed his journey, the jolting being terrible, "like the rocking of a ship at sea," no sleep being procurable in the floundering vehicle, and no food in the miserable, mud-surrounded posting-houses. From Nijny Mr. Osmaston sailed down the Volga to Astrachan, and thence across the Caspian to Baku. There is nothing remarkable in his description of this part of his journey, except his assertion that Calmucks have "an extraordinary reverence for cats," and that during Napoleon's invasion of Russia, "the French dreaded none more than these hordes of Calmuck barbarians," on account of their great skill in archery. Whoever told him this must have been himself an adept at drawing the long bow.

Passing from Russian to Persian soil, Mr. Osmaston made his way as far as Teheran, where he engaged the "Old Ali," after whom his book is named. On his way home he visited Bagdad, inspected the ruins of Nineveh, and made the acquaintance of the Protestant missionaries at Aleppo and Antioch. His account of the Christian community at Aintab is interesting. It is the custom at Aleppo, he says, for the peasants who bring in food from the country to pay toll at the gate, and their baskets are rigorously examined, however much they may protest that they are not introducing provisions. There is only one exception to the rule. "If the man is a Protestant from Aintab, and declares himself to be such—is known to be one—he goes on without search on the integrity of his word." Mr. Osmaston says, "I am very thankful that I was led to visit this place, and to witness with my own eyes the power of a heartfelt Christianity in the midst of darkness and superstition." But he does not aver that he stood at the gate and saw with his own eyes an Aintab Christian passing in with baskets unsearched on the strength of an affirmation. With the Nestorian Christians he naturally felt much sympathy, especially as he was assured by Mr. Rassam that they had no doubts about their being the descendants of Israel. Mr. Rassam "believed himself to be of the tribe of Ephraim; but affirmed that no Israelite now can possibly be certain of his tribe, for that there was not a man living who had his pedigree of descent—all was tradition, everything having been lost or destroyed." In the belief that the Nestorians are "a remnant of the 'lost' ten tribes" Mr. Osmaston is inclined to acquiesce. "But why called always 'lost' [he says] I do not know, or why they should have been searched for in so many unlikely places, for it would be most probable to find them, surely, where they were first taken, which was into those very mountainous and adjacent countries where they were placed by Shalmanezzer, the King of Assyria, when they were taken captive." In spite, however, of his readiness to believe anything in the Nestorians' favour, and the fact that their form of worship is simple, he fears that "there is little real spiritual life among them."

PAR PALIMPSESTORUM DUBLINENSIMUM.*

THE *Codex Rescriptus Dublinensis* is known by name to every critic and almost to every student of the criticism of the text of the Greek Testament, although it has not been mentioned in Mr. Hammond's useful little work on the subject. It has been described in Mr. Hartwell Horne's *Introduction to the Scriptures*, and more recently by Dr. Scrivener in his *Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament*. It was discovered in 1787 by Dr. Barrett, who published a copy of it with the Greek characters tolerably well imitated, the pages and the lines corresponding with those of the original in a quarto volume in 1801. The present, which is modestly spoken of as "a new edition revised and augmented," has not been printed because there was any demand for the earlier edition, which for all practical purposes has been superseded by the collation of it with the original in 1854 by Dr. Tregelles, and by the text, with Dr. Tregelles's collations, edited by Mr. Hansell at Oxford in 1864. The additions made by Dr. Tregelles were but few, as may be seen by the page in the appendix to Mr. Hansell's work, where they are printed in red ink. The edition by Dr. Barrett had, as might be expected, several errors; but, considering the extreme difficulty of reading the palimpsest, we quite agree with Dr. Scrivener and Mr. Abbott that the comments on its inaccuracies have been unnecessarily severe. Mr. Abbott considers that he has discovered about four hundred letters and marks which

have escaped the notice even of Dr. Tregelles. We have compared the two collations, and find a considerable number of additions of letters and half letters, whilst here and there a letter has been omitted, which we suppose Dr. Barrett printed from carelessness; and if we may judge from the facsimile page that is given in this volume, it is much to be wondered at that the text was printed as correctly as it was.

We must confess that we do not see the advantage of printing a book with letters which are cast to resemble the average shape of the letters of the MS. We should have been quite content to have the lines and the pages preserved as they are in the original, and printed in ordinary Greek characters. And there was the less occasion to reprint what is called a facsimile, because Dr. Barrett had already done it. But we protest against the term "facsimile" as applied to such productions by Dr. Scrivener and others. Mr. Abbott has, however, not used the term, except as applying it to his two plates, which are real facsimiles.

The MS. itself is in uncials, and contains 290 verses of St. Matthew's Gospel, and is of the fifth, or possibly as late as the sixth, century. It consists of 32 leaves, written in beautiful round and square uncials, and, what is most important to our present purpose, has very few mistakes. Mr. Barrett has carefully examined it, and detects about 25 errors—nearly all of them of the kind called *Itacisms*—and one omission of two letters of the class *homœoteleuton*; *ὅν* being omitted between *χρῶμα* and *ἡμετέραν*. This, however, can be allowed little weight in defining the critical value of the Codex, which must be estimated by its agreement with the other principal authorities for the text of St. Matthew's Gospel. But the fact that there is only one such certain careless omission, while there are no repetitions of words, will have some weight in determining that omissions of whole words, when they occur, are by design and not by carelessness. Unfortunately it has only 23 verses in common with the Alexandrian MS., but in the short space common to it and (Z) our MS. there are 14 differences, whilst the variations from the Sinaitic are only 7 in number, and those from the Vatican 11; a comparison which falls in very accurately with what we had expected from reading it in conjunction with the *Textus Receptus* and the early uncials. Mr. Abbott has counted the variations in 26 pages, and, having taken so much trouble, it is to be regretted that he did not take a little more, and examine the whole 64 pages for the same purpose. However, it would probably not have altered the proportion of the figures by which he establishes that (Z) closely resembles the most ancient codices, differing from the Sinaitic MS. in only 30 places, and from the Vatican in 44, while its variations from the text of Stephens are 95. There are 13 readings enumerated by Mr. Abbott in which it stands alone; but the greater part of these appear to be due to the carelessness of the scribe, and ought to be counted amongst the errors we were mentioning just now, and do not affect our judgment of the critical value of the Codex. Besides this, there are 8 readings in which it agrees with one or more of the cursives, unsupported by any other uncial. These last are too few to found any argument upon; but the rest of the analysis seems to us to afford good ground for argument both as to the value of the text of the MS. and also as to the comparative value of the Sinaitic and the Vatican Codices when estimated separately, as well as the value of their united testimony. We shall take it for granted, without troubling our readers with any induction of particulars, that this is really one of the most ancient MSS. existing, and also, independently of its antiquity, one of the most valuable. We have compared its testimony with the text which would be pronounced almost certainly right from a comparison of the most ancient documents, and it gives its suffrage in favour of such text about forty times, and very rarely against it. But, though this would go far to prove the value of the MS., it might perhaps be said to militate against its utility, as the same text would have been produced with or without its testimony. And its utility must of course be judged by the aid it gives in more doubtful cases. We have only counted cases in which the Sinaitic and the Vatican texts agree, and are supported by at least one other uncial and considerable independent testimony.

But it seems to us that there is another kind of value belonging to the MS. which is quite independent of the contributions it has directly made towards producing a correct text of St. Matthew's Gospel. If the general correctness of its text be conceded, independently of mere errors of copying or omission, it ought to be judged a competent witness as to the comparative value of the other ancient codices, with which it is sometimes in agreement and sometimes not. Few will be disposed to deny that the Sinaitic and the Vatican MSS. are the two most valuable known. But issue is joined as to their comparative value, and also as to the weight of their combined testimony when they agree. Thus Tischendorf is accused, and perhaps with some reason, by Dr. Scrivener of an excessive and irrational deference to the Sinaitic, and of course it was likely beforehand that he would be prejudiced in favour of a MS. which he must regard as his own child, as he was its discoverer. "The evidence of Cod. B, supported or even unsupported by one or two authorities of any description, is with him sufficient to outweigh all other witnesses, whether manuscript versions or ecclesiastical writers." On the other hand, he quotes on the very same page from another writer a eulogium of the Vatican manuscript which we transcribe:—

Seeing that the Vatican manuscript does not contain one single passage that can be demonstrated to be spurious, or that by the evidence of other manuscripts and of the context admits of just doubt as to its

* *Par Palimpsestorum Dublinensium: the Codex Rescriptus Dublinensis of St. Matthew's Gospel (Z)*. First published by Dr. Barrett in 1801. A New Edition, revised and augmented; also Fragments of the Book of Isaiah in the LXX. Version, from an ancient Palimpsest, now first published. Together with a new discovered Fragment of the Codex Palatinus. By J. K. Abbott, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Biblical Greek in the University of Dublin. With two Plates of Facsimiles. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

authenticity, a position that no other manuscript enjoys, man is bound to accept the testimony of that manuscript alone as his present text of the sacred record wherever he possesses its teaching.

So extravagant a statement could scarcely be deemed worthy of the elaborate refutation with which Dr. Scrivener has condescended to honour it. But though Tischendorf's deference to the Sinaitic MS. appears to us somewhat exaggerated, we have always been of opinion that this was the more valuable of the two. We wish Mr. Abbott had extended his analysis of the differences of (Z) from A, B, C, L, and Stephens's text to the whole of the document, but we are content to take his figures as he gives them for the twenty-six pages he has professed to examine for this purpose; and on the supposition that this MS. is of first-rate value, it certainly gives its suffrage in favour of the Sinaitic as against the Vatican and the Vatican against the Alexandrian. And this conclusion is further strengthened by the acknowledged fact that, as far as the Gospels are concerned, the Alexandrian MS. is decidedly inferior to the other two. The value of this argument may be very variously estimated; but no one, we think, will deny that it has some force, and that it establishes at least a slight probability in favour of those who lay more stress on the Sinaitic than on the Vatican text. This conclusion is still further fortified by the fact, which Mr. Abbott also mentions, that in a few instances Z agrees with the Sinaitic alone of uncials, but that in no instance does it agree with the Vatican alone.

And now what light does the text of Z throw upon the value of the combination of (A) and (B)? Here we have nothing to guide us in Mr. Abbott's remarks beyond the single observation that it agrees with both of them against the remaining uncials in at least ten instances. But we observe that in most of the places we have noticed in which it lends its support to the Sinaitic and the Vatican combined it is confirmed by (C), and very often by (D); more often indeed by (D) than by (C); but then it must be remembered that (C) is frequently deficient in passages which are found in (D). Now the very general resemblance of the Sinaitic and the Vatican manuscripts is such as to render their joint testimony of less value than the conjoint testimony of either of them with the Alexandrian—as being more nearly akin to each other. But the fact that this MS. so often agrees with them when they agree together does away, to a certain extent, with the suspicion that attaches to their agreement, and must therefore be allowed some weight in increasing our estimate of the value of each of these manuscripts separately.

Of course it may be said to be something like arguing in a circle to establish the value of a more recent document by reference to documents older than itself, and then to prove that these manuscripts are of great value because they agree with the more modern one. Nevertheless we submit that the considerations we have adduced establish to some degree of probability that the Sinaitic is more trustworthy than the Vatican manuscript, and that their combined testimony is of greater value than we should naturally have supposed if we had not had this manuscript to compare them with.

The great interest of the subject has kept us from noticing the particular edition of the MS. which we are reviewing; but it is only justice to Mr. Abbott to say that our argument, whatever it may be worth, has been mainly derived from the facts detailed in the editor's exhaustive analysis of the document. To this it must be added that the volume is beautifully executed, and though we do not ourselves consider it worth while to produce an imitation which is not an absolute facsimile, in the absence of this latter we cannot affect to regret either the labour, the time, or the expense bestowed upon the production. Short of its not being a photographed copy of the original manuscript, the work leaves nothing to be desired; and we may observe also that, in order to produce a more exact copy, several letters appear to have been cast in two or three different forms.

Of the other fragment which appears in the volume we shall only express our regret that the four leaves of which it consists should have been thus connected with the celebrated Dublin palimpsest. The same remark seems to apply to the last leaf of the volume, which consists of a beautiful facsimile of a missing leaf of the Codex Palatinus, containing the passage from Matt. xiii. 13-24, purchased by Dr. Todd some time before the year 1847. But we shall only say of this that, as it is part of St. Matthew's Gospel, it is more in point to the present subject than the few fragments of the prophet Isaiah, which have only this in common with the palimpsest, that they are found in the same library and the same volume, and are probably nearly of the same date.

Of the labour bestowed on the manuscript and its results the following is the editor's modest description—

If I have succeeded beyond what could have been expected in discovering letters and marks which escaped Dr. Tregelles (over 400), it is because being resident in Trinity College I was enabled literally *nocturne versare manus, versare diurna* this important Codex. It has often been only after repeated examination in different lights that the existence of a mark or a letter has been placed beyond all doubt.

The paragraph lines, which are barely visible, long escaped notice. I had not thought of looking for them until I accidentally detected one (at the top of Tab. xxxix.), which at first I did not understand. It was the same with the marks of quotation.

It can hardly be said that this manuscript has actually turned the scale in favour of any doubtful reading; but there is one passage where it might do so if the editor's conjecture about it is right. In Matt. xiv. 3 the *Textus Receptus* has *ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν καὶ ἔβη ἐν φυλακῇ*. Now here there are no two of the earlier uncials that are in exact agreement. The editor thinks that the MS. read

ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ φυλακῇ, which there is no doubt it does, but adds that there is room for the words *καὶ ἀπέβη* after it and before the following words—*ναῖκα φιλιππου*. Now, on his own showing that there is either half a line or a line and a half wanting, into which, upon his theory, there has to be got *καὶ ἀπέβη* διὰ Ἡρωδιάδα τὴν γυν—it is plain that, if this is to be got into a line and a half, the lines containing each about eighteen letters, there can be but little preference for *καὶ ἀπέβη* over *καὶ ἔβη*. The former, which is the reading of the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS., seems to us the more probable; but we think the editor has overstated the case when he says that these words are cut off, but the space shows that they stood here originally. Upon the whole, the argument appears to be in favour of the reading *ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν καὶ ἐν τῇ φυλακῇ ἀπέβη*, and if he had stated the reading he has assigned to (Z) as probable instead of certain, we should quite have agreed with him.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE rise of few great nations will have been so fully related as that of Prussia, should the enormous publication of Frederick the Great's correspondence be ever terminated, and should Herr Droysen be enabled to complete his historical labours. The thirteenth volume of his great political history of Prussia (1) is occupied with the transactions, or rather the negotiations, of less than three years, from the beginning of 1746 to the signature of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in October 1748. Frederick himself declined to relate the history of this period, on the ground that "political intrigues deserve no attention when they lead to nothing." It does not, indeed, appear that the destiny of Europe was materially affected by anything spoken, written, or transacted during this period, which has nevertheless left a mass of diplomatic memorials behind it, of which Herr Droysen, an historian of the school of Ranke, for whom the histories of Cabinets are the histories of nations, is obliged to take ample note. The most important incident was the conclusion of an alliance between Austria and Russia, with the ultimate object of recovering Silesia from Prussia for the former Power. Frederick knew that his title was merely that of the sword, and that, as an upstart and a despoiler of his neighbour, he could expect little sympathy in Europe. He stood, therefore, on a diplomatic defensive, until the exhaustion of all parties to the European war brought about a general pacification. Frederick's unwearied vigilance is surprising, and his correspondence indicates most forcibly how completely he was the life and soul of his administration. It must also be acknowledged that all we learn here respecting the disposition of the Austrian, Russian, and Saxon Courts confirms the probability that he had substantial reasons when, at a later period, he anticipated his adversaries by beginning the Seven Years' War. The most remarkable episode in the correspondence not directly connected with Frederick is the mysterious tragedy in Sweden, when the English physician Blackwell perished on the scaffold.

The second volume of Prince Bismarck's select speeches (2) comprises those delivered from 1871 to 1877. Although including several upon the Eastern question, the conflict with the Roman Curia, and other interesting topics, there are few, if any, which would have attracted much attention apart from the personality of the speaker. From this point of view they possess a peculiar interest, it may almost be said a peculiar charm. Not including any of the speaker's more recent questionable deliverances on political economy, they represent the mind evidently of a thorough man of business, and of a man of business who feels it unnecessary to affect to be anything else. The speaker's case is invariably well put, but without any special effort to persuade or overawe. The whole tone is that of a plain man talking to plain men, and the absence of rhetoric, the sole reliance on argument, the real or apparent candour and disinterestedness, the superiority to all the ordinary arts of oratory, render them, when it is remembered who the speaker is, more impressive and really persuasive than many much more artistically constructed orations. The absence of anything arrogant or offensive to the speaker's opponents warrants the supposition that editorial care has been exercised in the selection or revision.

Professor Joseph Langen possesses remarkable qualifications as the historian of the early Roman Church (3). He is learned, impartial, a sincere Catholic, but an adversary of the dogma of Papal infallibility. He, therefore, stands apart from the various influences which might otherwise have clouded the judgment of an orthodox historian, whether Protestant or Catholic, and his work seems to attain the standard of impartiality as nearly as can be expected from a writer to whom the subject is one of personal as well as scientific interest. As a critical historian Professor Langen finds it impossible to allow that the Bishop of Rome, during the first ages of the Church, claimed any sort of superiority over other dioceses, further than such a precedence as, in virtue of the importance of his see, is accorded to the Bishop of London among English prelates of the same rank.

(1) *Geschichte der Preussischen Politik*. Von J. G. Droysen. Th. 5. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Ausgewählte Reden des Fürsten von Bismarck*. Bd. 2. Berlin: Kortkamp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Geschichte der Römischen Kirche bis zum Pontifikate Leo's I.* Quellenmässig dargestellt von Dr. Joseph Langen. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

There is no trace of any such pretension being systematically maintained until the days of Leo I. at the beginning of the fifth century. With Leo's predecessor, accordingly, Dr. Langen's history of the primitive age terminates, although he half promises to write the annals of the Church's second period. It is to be hoped that this promise may be redeemed. Dr. Langen's pen is guided by the most scrupulous fairness, as he has amply shown in the discussion of episodes so delicate for members of his Church as the deputation of Popes Zephyrinus and Callistus, Cyprian's part in the Novatianist controversy, and the affair of Pope Liberius.

A work by the late Professor Keim on another department of primitive ecclesiastical history, the conflict between Christianity and Paganism (4), may prove somewhat of a disappointment. Though new to the world, it is not a new book, having apparently been composed as long ago as 1855; while the author's omission to publish or complete it seems to imply that he was not fully satisfied with it. It was intended to have been brought down to the establishment of Christianity, but only reaches the reign of Commodus. Herr Ziegler has, nevertheless, judged rightly in considering it worthy of publication; although many of the most interesting points, such as the nature of Celsus's attack on Christianity and the date of the Epistle of Barnabas, have been more fully treated by the author himself in other places. The most interesting part of the book is the discussion of the various causes which assisted the diffusion of Christianity, such as the intrusion of Oriental religions into the Roman world, the cosmopolitan spirit of administration, the humanitarianism of philosophy, and the reaction towards definite religious faith in the age of the Antonines.

The centenary of the publication of Kant's *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* will hardly produce a more adequate memorial than Dr. Vaiblinger's (5) ample, but not ponderous, commentary. Besides the explanation of the text itself, Dr. Vaiblinger has brought together a mass of references, showing how Kant has been understood by disciples or opponents, especially contemporaries. His historical introduction and bibliography are also very useful. Dr. Werner's *Kant in Italy* (6) is an account of the reception of Kant's system by the philosophers of that country, which has been rather respectful than cordial.

W. von Reichenau's (7) sketch of the development of Spinoza's philosophy to our times is a prize essay. The writer considers Leibnitz, Kant, and Schopenhauer as legitimate successors of Spinoza, a classification against which they would all three have protested. In our own time, he maintains, their mantle has fallen upon Geiger and Noire, whose importance many people will think greatly over-estimated by him. It is manifest, at all events, that their method of research differs widely from Spinoza's or Kant's, being almost exclusively the deduction of principles from the actual observation of material phenomena, especially of language.

Herr Meyer's (8) history of the mediæval guild of goldsmiths at Strasburg consists of two dissimilar sections—the "Urkunden," unreadable except by proficients in old German, and the "Darstellung," or summary of the information deduced from them, which is very clear and agreeable. The system of excessive restriction on masters and paternal despotism over journeymen would appear intolerable now, but no doubt answered well in its own day. The fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century were the most flourishing period of German industry. About 1540 a reaction set in, attributed by Herr Meyer to the great increase of population, as well as to the political circumstances of the times.

Another volume of the valuable series of works on trade and political economy (9) conducted by Dr. Schmoller, relates to more modern matters, being a treatise on stock-broking as at present carried on in Germany and in England. The materials for comparison are chiefly afforded by the reports of two English Committees, the Foreign Loan Committee of 1875 and the Stock Exchange Commission of 1878. The self-government of the London Stock Exchange excites the writer's admiration, and he thinks it should be the object of legislation and public opinion in Germany to discourage as far as possible speculation by members of the Stock Exchange in their individual capacity, and to build up an organized corporation out of the various exchanges dispersed throughout the country. It is mentioned that the securities of various descriptions officially quoted in the Berlin list have risen from 11 in 1820 to 636 in 1880.

The late Baron von Weber (10), the son of the composer, was one of the most distinguished engineers in Germany. Shortly before his death he made a tour of inspection of the principal

canals of Great Britain and Sweden, in the service of the Prussian Ministry of Public Works. His posthumous volume is not merely an account of the canals, but a history of the legislation respecting them, with copious statistics. The prolonged frosts in Sweden are evidently a great impediment to water traffic; nevertheless, nine out of fifteen canals are said to be paying well.

Lessing's wife was an amiable and interesting woman (11); his courtship is one of the most pleasing, and her death one of the most pathetic, passages of his history. It is merely as his wife, however, that she holds any place in general biography, and Herr Thiele's attempt at a monograph is not so much a supplement to Lessing's biographers as a repetition of things already too circumstantially related by them. It probably owes its existence to the Lessing centenary, and, being unexceptionable in taste and style, may pass muster fairly enough as a complimentary memorial.

Johann Georg Müller's notes of his residence with Herder (12) are much more worthy of republication. Müller, who afterwards became a considerable man, was in 1780 a young Swiss student, who sought Herder's acquaintance as an asylum against religious and philosophical doubt, and found all he sought. It is but natural that the visitor should dwell chiefly on the aspects of Herder's character of most concern to himself in his then state of mind; his account is, therefore, far from affording a complete picture of the man. It is nevertheless full of interesting traits, and especially displays the reaction in Herder's mind against the insipid rationalism of his day, which went so far as to dispose him to believe in intercourse with supernatural beings. Generally speaking, the mystical and devout side of Herder's disposition is more prominent than would have been anticipated—a circumstance which may be accounted for by the idiosyncrasy of his guest. In general he appears as a charming character of the purely idealistic type, refined and aspiring to a fault, but deficient in the perception of reality. Shaftesbury and Fénelon, kindred spirits, are mentioned among his favourite authors. Müller was greatly impressed by Goethe, although he saw but little of him; his account of Wieland, against whom Herder probably prejudiced him, is by no means favourable.

The Early English compositions whose authorship is investigated by Dr. Einkenkel (13) are the "Hali Meidenhad" and the legends of St. Juliana, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine, edited by Mr. Morton and Mr. Cockayne. All these, as well as the "Anceren Riwle," are attributed by Mr. Cockayne to the same writer, whom he conjectures to have been Bishop Richard le Poor. Dr. Einkenkel, on the other hand, maintains that "Hali Meidenhad" is by a different author to the lives of St. Juliana and St. Margaret, but that these proceed from the same pen. The authorship of the legend of St. Catherine is reserved for a subsequent investigation.

Dr. Eugen Oswald has accomplished an excellent piece of work in preparing for the German public a memoir of Carlyle (14), with a selection of brief and pregnant passages from his writings. His appreciation of Carlyle, though warm, is discriminating, and better adapted than extravagant panegyric to recommend his hero to judicious readers. He might, perhaps, have made more use of the recently published autobiography, from which he would have learned, among other things, that the story of the destruction of the first MS. of the "French Revolution" is authentic.

No property of a good edition is wanting to the first book of Martial (15) as edited by J. Flach. The notes convey all requisite information in a surprisingly brief space, and the same conciseness and clearness distinguish the biography, notice of MSS. and editions, and other prolegomena.

The plot of Alfred Friedmann's version of *Don Juan* (16) is original. The statue of the Commander is omitted, and the action turns upon Don Juan's unsuccessful endeavours to seduce his brother's wife, in the course of which he evinces a sensibility and a sentimentality more like a character of Schiller's early period than the gay ironic hero of Molière and Mozart. The book is beautifully printed. "The Loss made Good" (17), by the same writer, is an amusing tale in the taste of Boccaccio, told very cleverly in musical verse, but with too many twists and interpolations for the sake of rhyme.

Besides a new but so far not very promising story by Gustav zu Putlitz, the *Rundschau* (18) has two biographical articles of considerable interest, and two more on the politics of the day. The latter consist of a survey of the present situation in South Africa, in which the humanity of English policy towards the natives is

(4) *Rom und das Christenthum*. Aus Th. Keim's handschriftlichen Nachlass herausgegeben von H. Ziegler. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Commentar zu Kant's Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*. Herausgegeben von Dr. H. Vaiblinger. Bd. 1. Hft. 1. Stuttgart: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Kant in Italien*. Von Dr. Karl Werner. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Die monistische Philosophie von Spinoza bis auf unsere Tage*. Von W. von Reichenau. Köln: Mayer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Strasburger Goldschmiedezunft von ihrem Entstehen bis 1681*. Urkunden und Darstellung. Von Hans Meyer. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Effektenbörse. Eine Vergleichung deutscher und englischer Zustände*. Von Emil Struck. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Die Wasserstrassen Nord-Europas*. Von Max Maria von Weber. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Eva Lessing. Ein Lebensbild*. Von Richard Thiele. Th. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Aus dem Herder'schen Hause*. Aufzeichnungen von Johann Georg Müller (1780-82). Herausgegeben von Jakob Baechold. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Ueber die Verfasser einiger neuangelsächsischer Schriften*. Von Dr. Eugen Einkenkel. Leipzig: Fock. London: Nutt.

(14) *Thomas Carlyle. Ein Lebensbild; und Goldkörner aus seinem Werken*. Dargestellt, ausgewählt, übertragen durch Eugen Oswald. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(15) *M. Valer. Martialis Epigrammaton librum primum recensuit, commentariis instruxit J. Flach*. Tübinge: Laupp. London: Nutt.

(16) *Don Juan's Letzter Abenteuer. Drama in zwei Akten*. Von Alfred Friedmann. Leipzig: Reissner. London: Nutt.

(17) *Ersetzter Verlust. Novelle*. Von Alfred Friedmann. Zweite Auflage. Hamburg: Richter. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. VII. Hft. II. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

recognised with sympathy and appreciation; and a review of the recent reaction in Russia, which promises to give the Slavophile or "Muscovite" party their first opportunity of exhibiting themselves as serious politicians. The writer thinks that much might be urged in favour of this policy from a Russian point of view, if its execution could be entrusted to men of capacity, but that the paucity of such men in the "Muscovite" party renders it a dangerous experiment. The biographical papers include portraits of Conrad von Marburg, the first German inquisitor, known to English literature as a leading character in Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*, and the modern Italian statesman Gino Capponi. The men have a certain resemblance to each as austere and dignified figures; Conrad a fierce and gloomy fanatic, the preacher of a crusade against heretics, the evil genius of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; Capponi, a loyal, uncompromising, unfashionable Italian Whig, devoted to his country as well as his Church, but for whom the times moved much too rapidly.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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Geology and Palaeontology	(Brackenbury Professor, Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S.)
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Midwifery and Diseases of Women ..	Prof. John Thornburn, M.D.
Diseases of Children	Henry Ashby, M.D.
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IV.—DEPARTMENT OF EVENING CLASSES.

Classes conducted by the Professors and Lecturers of the College and external Lecturers are held during the Winter Months in nearly all the Arts and Science subjects. The NEXT SESSION will commence: In the Medical Department, on October 1; in the Arts and Law, and the Science and Engineering Departments on October 4; and in the Evening Classes Department on October 10. Candidates for admission must not be under fourteen years of age, and those under sixteen will be required to pass a preliminary examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin. Prospective of the several Departments and of Entrance and other Scholarships, amounting in the aggregate to about £2000 a year, may be obtained at Mr. COXHEAD'S, Piccadilly, and at other Booksellers in Manchester, and they will be forwarded from the College on application. J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

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The NEXT TERM will commence on Tuesday, September 29.

F. W. MADDEN, M.B.A.S., Secretary.

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The WINTER TERM will commence on Friday, September 16. Full particulars from the Rev. Canon TEESDALE, Head-Master; or the SECRETARY, The Cottage, Melville Street, Ryde.

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W. D. ALLEN, M.A., Vicar of Finden; Fellow and, from 1872-1881, Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford; old Hugubian, has Vacancies for HOUSE PUPILS, to be prepared for the Universities, &c.

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References and full particulars will be given on application at the above address.

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LAKE DISTRICT.—The Rev. T. STEVENS (Wrangler) will have a Vacancy for a PUPIL in September. Climate suitable for a delicate boy. Mountain and sea air; bathing, boating, fishing. Address, Eden Mount, Grange over Sands.

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The house, surrounded by six acres of land, is situated in a charming locality, thirteen miles from London.

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The new Head-Master will enter upon his duties at Christmas next. He will be appointed subject to the provisions of a Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. He need not be in Holy Orders, but must not accept or hold any benefice having the cure of souls, or any office or employment which, in the opinion of the Court, may interfere with the proper performance of his duties as Head-Master.

Further particulars may be obtained upon application to the CLERK of the Grocers' Company, Grocers' Hall, Poultry, London, E.C.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

There being a Vacancy in the Head-Mastership of the above School, Gentlemen who may desire to obtain particulars with a view to becoming Candidates for the Office are requested to apply to the undersigned.

The appointment will be made about the middle of September next, and the new Master will enter on his duties at the close of the Christmas Vacation.

By order of the Governors,

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COLLEGE and GRAMMAR SCHOOL, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—A HEAD-MASTER is required for this Institution. He must have graduated in Honours at one of the leading Universities in the United Kingdom, and had experience and success as a Master in some important Public School. The salary will be £700 per annum, without house allowance, but with a Capitation Fee of 10s. for every Pupil paying school fees. £150 will be allowed for passage money to the Colony.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as Commissioners for the Selection of the Master: Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh; Professor Jowett, of Oxford; Arthur Sidgwick, Esq., of Oxford; and the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Clifton College. Intending candidates can obtain of the undersigned application forms and printed statement giving further particulars as to the School, and conditions of the appointment, &c. All applications must be made on the forms, and be sent in on or before September 30 to WALTER KENNEDY, New Zealand Government Office, 7 Westminster Chambers, London, S.W.

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